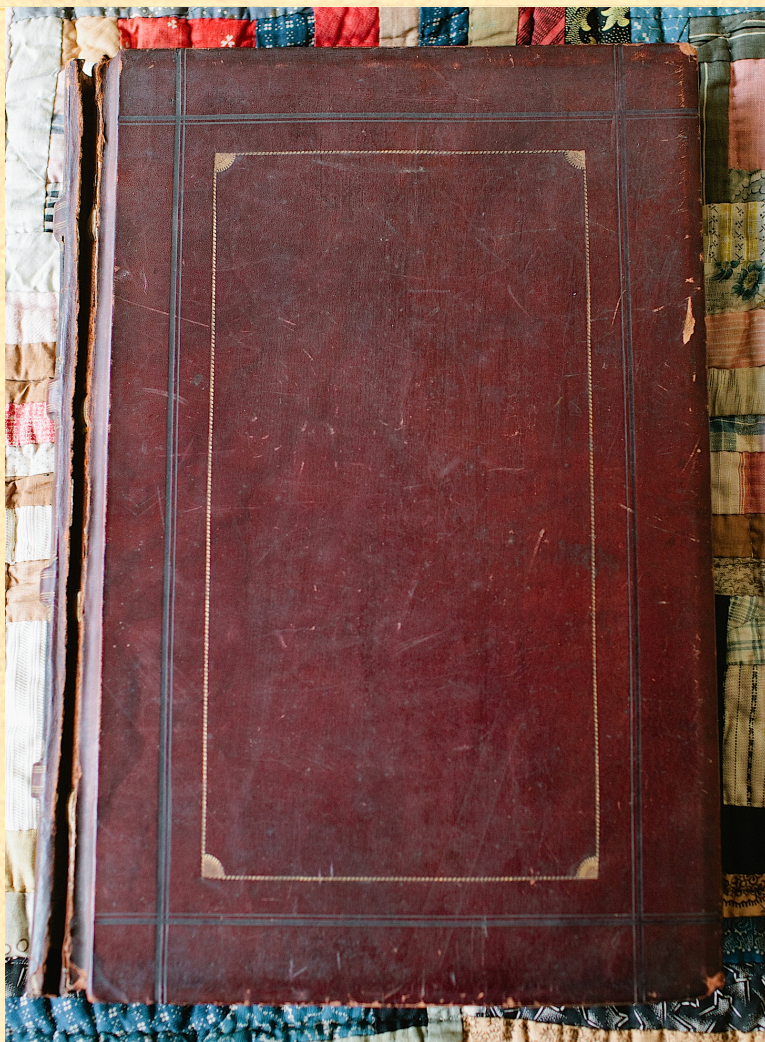


HAYS FAMILY JOURNAL



MEMORIES RECORDED BY:

**JOHN WILLIS
HAYS II**

1834 -1901



**JOHN WILLIS
HAYS III**

1861 -1913

Preface

Sections:

- I. John Willis Hays II (1834 - 1901) written June 1893 in Oxford, North Carolina. page 1 - 50
- II. Handwritten genealogical information on the Duty and Harris families, probably written by John Willis Hays III. page 51 - 55
- III. John Willis Hays III (1861 - 1913). page 57 - 120
- IV. Hand drawn charts possibly done by Mary Eulah Leigh (Minnie) and John Willis Hays III:
 - Hays: page 121
 - Leigh-Moody: page 123, A & B
 - Leigh: page 125
 - Wright-Moody: page 127
 - Crump-Sykes: page 129
 - Mason: page 131
- V. Addendum by Frank B. Hays (1867 - 1959) to the Duty and Harris families' lineage in 1914.
- VI. Richmond Times Dispatch May 12, 1907 Hays: Coat of Arms and Surname History

Photos of each section of the journal.

Notes to transcription

Spelling:

No attempts have been made to alter the spelling. All entries have been preserved as originally written by the authors.

Every effort was made to decipher unclear handwriting including Internet searches of place and proper names. However, it is possible that these transcriptions are incorrect.

Damage in lower right:

Water damage to lower right corner has made some areas illegible. In those cases an ellipsis (...) has been substituted.

Prior transcriptions:

Mary Eulah Leigh (Minnie) and John Willis Hays III may previously typed a transcription which might be found in the Francis B. Hays Collection in the Richard H. Thornton Library in Granville County, Oxford, North Carolina.

Journal's history:

In the early 1970's, the journal was found in boxes belonging to Anabel Hays Reese (1890 - 1973) stored in the home of her daughter, Alice Leigh Reese Edens, in Anchorage, Kentucky.

In the early 2000's, Elizabeth Edens Vermillion undertook the transcription of this family document along with editing help of her sister, Alice Leigh Edens Hudgins, and the photographic assistance of their brother, Joseph McIlwaine Edens.

It is the family's intention to donate the original journal to The Southern Historical Collection in the Louis Round Wilson Special Collections Library at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

March 2014

Written by John Willis Hays who married Sallie Duty JWH

Oxford North Carolina June 1893

It is natural to man to desire to know something of his ancestry, to know of the channels through which the blood has passed that now courses in his own veins, to know what influence his family may have exerted in shaping the events of past times, to note with curious self-inspections the traits which were manifest in his forefathers as they crop out by heredity in his own character. It must have been matter of profound satisfaction to the Jew of ancient times to be able to look over his family record and to trace his lineage back for more than forty two generations, not stopping at Abraham the father of his nation, nor even at Noah, but reaching back to the very beginning of the human race. This doubtless served to greatly stimulate his national pride, and it may serve to explain in some measure how and why they have as a people, preserved their national identity and peculiarities, scattered as they are at this day over every part of the habitable globe.

The Book of the British Peerage also, enables many an English family to trace its lines back to the battle of

Hastings and even to Norman families beyond the conquest. But on the other hand it is sometimes not convenient to be well acquainted with the qualities that have made the lives of

2

one's ancestry conspicuous, for as Saxe says in "The Proud Mifs McBride"-

"Depend upon it my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end

By some plebeian vocation,
Or worse that your boasted line
May end in a loup of stronger twine

That plagued some worthy relations"

And again when we consider what a multitude of ancestors is required to produce a single individual, increasing is such a ratio that we have only to go back through some ten generations, covering a period of less than four hundred years, to find that more than a thousand different strains have been commingled and

concentrated in the blood of one man. The fact is that in thus running back we find the family blood so diluted as to pass out of all recognition, and we are at the last forced back upon ourselves, to discover if we can what there is in us as isolated individuals, out of which any genuine manhood or womanhood may be developed. We are composite beings made of materials vastly diverse in character, and what there is of heredity in us must be looked for, not so much in remote

3

ancestors as in those nearest to us.

If men could be bred and trained like horses or other domestic animals, under the supervision and guidance of a controlling power for many generations, no doubt there could be developed particularities as marked as any that have been produced in the lower animals, thus illustrating the idea of Dr. O W Holmes, that a child's education should be begun a hundred years before he is born. When a nation has for a long time been circumscribed within certain territorial limits, and its blood thoroughly blended, as in the Jew or the Chinese, then it is that national habits are formed, national tastes for certain pursuits are developed and national characteristics become prominent.

The traits of the individual are in a large measure swallowed up and lost in those of the nation. They become pooled so to speak. But when an individual of finer texture than the rest, possessing physical and intellectual qualities that place him upon a higher plane of action, and with environments to facilitate a higher development, he becomes the typical representative of national character.

In the broad territory of our own country, comparatively new as it is, where there is no law of primogeniture and but few long established houses to hold families together, and where our civil relatives

4

are broken into so many different commonwealths and a migratory disposition has been the rule, it is not to be wondered at that family lines and relationships are so often lost or forgotten.

In order that my children may have what ever of gratification it will afford them to know something of their kindred so far as I am able to communicate the information, the following sketch is written-

My father having died before my birth and my mother having shortly afterwards removed from the community in

which he lived, I have not had the opportunity afforded to most children to learn from an authentic source the facts of family history that would be most interesting to me to know, and to hand them down to those who may hereafter feel a like interest in them. Nearly all that I have learned therefore concerning my father and his family has come to me through my mother and reaches back only to my grandfather and his children.

William Hays, my grandfather, lived near the “Red House” in Mecklenburg County VA. He moved westward with his family to the vicinity of the “Crab Orchard” in Lee County VA. He had six children probably others viz -

5

William, James, John Willis, Clayton, Maria, and Lucinda. All were remarkable for fine physiques, were large, strong, active agile. The Sisters could spring into a saddle by merely putting a handle on the pommel. Lucinda is said to have been stronger than the average man. The family was related to “John North” of Mecklenburg County VA; also to The Willis family of VA.

My father John Willis Hays married my mother in Princess Anne Country VA, near Norfolk. After his marriage he removed with my mother to Halifax County

N.C. and settled at a place called Cravell's X roads. His brother Clayton Hays with his family also lived there, but which preceded the other to that locality, or whether they all removed there at the same time, I have no information. Here my father practiced his profession of medicine and was at the same time partner with his brother in a store, and perhaps in other business enterprises. During this period Clayton Hays was a candidate for the legislature on the Whig ticket and was defeated. My father had a good practice, owned some negro slaves and seems to have lived well, but his other enterprises managed chiefly by his brother seem to have miscarried, for at his death my

6

mother was left with very slender means of living. My father's death occurred in April 1834, and was caused by his having been thrown from a horse. He was then probably about 51 years of age. Rev Thos G Lowe informed me some years ago that he was with my father in his last illness, but gave me no specific information as to how he died. He sustained no church relations so far as I am informed. He was buried near his residence about half a mile from Cravell's X Roads.

Shortly after my father's death Clayton Hays removed to Texas, but to what part of Texas, I have never been able to learn. One branch of the Hays family in Texas rose to distinction and became historical, but whether they were relatives of Clayton Hays I am not informed. I know that he had children and it is probable that his descendants may be found in the Southwest at this day.

As to the other brothers and sisters of my father I have never been able to trace them, but doubtless their descendants are to be found in Tennessee and Kentucky, or they may have gone further west I think I have heard my mother say that my father's brother James lived at one time in Tennessee.

I was born at the old home near Cravell's X Roads June 2, 1834, about two months after my

7

father's death. My mother thrown almost entirely upon her own resources and reduced to the necessity of earning a support for herself and infant, shortly afterwards removed to Enfield and entered upon a heroic struggle for a livelihood. From my father's estate there was about \$700.00 saved for me through his friend Dr. Mathew Whitaker aided by his brother Spier Whitaker who was at

the time a practicing lawyer in Halifax County and afterwards Attorney General, and the father of the present Judge Spier Whitaker Dr. Whitaker became my guardian and from this little patrimony my mother received the interest amounting to about \$40 a year, which aided her in my support. Dr. Whitaker continued my guardian until my mother removed to Oxford, when he was succeeded by Mr. Lunsford A Paschall.

My earliest recollections are of old Enfield, not the present town on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, but something like a mile to the West of it. This W & W Railroad was then in course of construction and the town had already begun to move to the railroad station while the mails and the passengers were yet carried by stage coaches, and I remember that when my mother removed to Halifax about the year 1837, we made the trip in a stage coach. While living in Enfield my mother boarded at a

8

hotel kept by Capt Thomas Mason and his wife whom I called "Mifs Betsey". They had two children, John and Mary Ann, both older than myself. As I was the only very small child in the family I was much petted and I reckon a good deal spoiled. I had begun to learn the alphabet and

Capt Mason would sometimes, while lying upon a couch or lounge, spread a newspaper upon the floor and have me to tell him the letters as he would point them out with his cane.

On one occasion a traveling “showman” came along and gave his exhibition in the large dining room of the hotel. I was admitted with my nurse who stood in the rear with other servants, and held me up in her arms to get a good view. I would sometimes get into the dining room alone and climbing into a chair would get down the dining room bell from the sideboard and with it would arouse the household. One of the section masters, a man named Richardson, boarded for awhile at this hotel and became very fond of me, and I remember that he would sometimes take me with him on the railroad. Once I made a trip with him in a box car, I think as far as Halifax. There was living at Enfield at that time an artist or portrait painter by the name of Gregory and nothing delighted

9

me more than to be permitted to visit his study and look at his pictures. I have been since been told by Mr. Charles J Gregory, a young man who lived in Oxford, that this artist was his grandfather. A little way from the hotel and in full

view, was the home of Gov John Branch who had been President Jackson's Secretary of the Navy. I do not remember ever to have seen Gov Branch while at Enfield, though I remember the family and that the Gov's wife was kind to me and to my mother and on one occasion gave me a toy that I prized very much. Afterwards, when I had grown up, I met Gov Branch in the town of Henderson, at a democratic mafs meeting, I think in the year 1856. These events of my early childhood I mention not because of any importance attached to them but merely to show how lasting these early imprefsions became, made as they were when I could not have been as much as three years of age.

In 1837 my mother removed to the town of Halifax. I remember the trip distinctly, that we made it in a stage coach, and that after reaching Halifax we lived in a house owned, or controlled, by a man named Wilkes. The town of Halifax at that time consisted mainly of one long street that ran eastwardly towards and almost at right angles with the river. The town was originally built near the river, but had

had gradually moved away from the malaria of that region until a distance of perhaps half a mile intervened between the lower end of the town and the river and in this interval there was a number of old dilapidated weatherbeaten untenanted buildings which showed where a part of the old town had stood. The old church the old Court House and jail, a hotel and a few residences marked the lower edge of town nearest to the river. Away from these the street stretched westward to a large Grove of venerable oaks, in which was situated away off from the street or road the suburban residence of a Mr Byrun, (I suppose this was Jesse A Byrun,-see Wheelers History) The place was in later years occupied by the Edward Cuigland a prominent lawyer. Along this main street were the business houses of the place, shops and stores interspersed with residences. About midway this street on the South side of it, not far from the store of Redden Hawkins, was the house in which we first lived, a plain old building whose front bordered the street. Near us and on the opposite side of the street were the stores of a Mr Halliday, and of Henry and Peyton Harvey. Also on the opposite

side of the street and a little lower down was a handsome residence with tall cedars in the front yard.

11

This place was occupied by a Methodist preacher Rev Sam Pierce, a man of some note at that day. His wife I remember, gave me a little painted earthen ware image which was brought from China and had been used in China as a household God. I kept this image for a number of years when it was accidentally broken. The old Free Church which I suppose is still standing, was then the only church in the place, and as its name indicated, was used by all denominations. I remember to have heard a Methodist preacher by name of Goodman preach there. This I suppose was the Rev Joseph Goodman. His name impressed me as being adapted to his vocation. I remember also that Rev Mr Cheshire sometimes preached there. He was an Episcopalian and father of the Rev Mr Cheshire who now has charge of a church in Charlotte. Since made assistant Bishop. I remember also that a Roman Catholic also occasionally preached there, and that he appeared in the pulpit not in clerical robes, but with a scarf or piece of bright broad ribbon which passed around the back of his neck and the ends of which hung down

from his shoulders in front. This old church building was erected, I think, in Colonial times, and the church yard where it stood, was nearly filled with graves and upon the marble slabs which covered them were inscribed the names of many who were distinguished in

12

the history of the State. It is an interesting place to visit. In the house I have mentioned as our first home in Halifax, my first reading lessons were learned, and, the book in which I took especial interest and which was I think the first I ever read, was a small marbled back Sunday School book of large print entitled "Grant's Address". I was then only about four years of age, but reading was even then more a pleasure than a task.

After living in this house for a year or two my mother moved down town and took rooms near the street, and boarded at a hotel kept by a man named Wm Pride. This man would sometimes have a class of children about my age to spell for him in Webster's Spelling book, our lessons being the hard words near the back of the book, and they were the hardest lessons I ever tried to learn. It was during this period when I was about seven years of age that I had my first serious sickness, an attack of what Dr Wilcox who

attended me, called congestive fever. I was dangerously ill for some two weeks and delirious much of this time.

When I began to improve my mind was unusually clear and active, and my great desire was to have a “Riddle Book”. The guefsing of a riddle or the working out of a puzzle of any kind was a great pleasure to me. After my recovery my mother attributing my sicknefs to malaria, moved further up town and

13

rented a house from a man named Edmundson. This was a pleasant place, with a large yard and garden. I then for the first time began to attend a school taught near the upper end of the street, by a Mifs Harriet Wiggins, a relative of Mason Wiggins. I went to this school but a short while and when the summer approached I was sent away from the town to board at “Aunt Pope’s”, an old widow who was the sister of Andrew Joyner, and the mother of Wm B Pope and Blount Pope of the town of Halifax and also of Mifs “Nancy” Pope who was a good baptist and a warm friend of my mother’s. My mother had joined the Baptist church shortly after her removal to Halifax and was baptized in the Roanoke river, and the Baptist people had become warmly attached to her. Aunt

Pope lived on a large farm near Conoconarie Baptist church. She was a kind old lady, but strong minded and rather stern of manner, and I stood in wholesome awe of her. She was a zealous Baptist and the whole family attended Sunday School and preaching at Conoconarie church. A small school was taught at her house by her granddaughter Mifs Anna Campbell, a woman of lovely character. I of course attended the school and one of my school mates here was John T Gregory, who lived in the neighborhood, and was afterward for many years Clerk of the Superior Court of Halifax county. Two other companions at this school were Mary and Evalina Campbell, younger sisters of the teacher.

14

During the winter or fall months I attended a public school taught by Theophilus Cooper, about two miles distant from town and to which I walked from home. The teacher lived upon an adjoining lot in town and I usually had him for a companion in the walk. In going to this school we had to cross a long and high Railroad bridge across Quankey creek. This bridge was some 15 or 20 feet broad, laid with boards and without railing or other protection at the sides, and at one place at near the farther end, the

boards were taken up to prevent persons from crossing on horseback and a narrow footway was stretched across the opening for some 6 or 8 feet. This was a dangerous place for children, and I remember once in crossing this narrow footway that I was wearing a cloak fastened about my neck and which hung around me nearly to my feet. The wind seemed to rise beneath me and carried the cloak over my head, and I came near falling through. I was much frightened and will never forget it. In walking to this school the nearer way was through the plantation of Mr B F Moore and his two children Mary and "little Bat" also attended the school and would usually join us in the walk. On one Friday evening I was persuaded by two of my school mates by the name of Hamlin, (they were twins and named one Thomas Jefferson, and the other James Madison), who lived in the country, to go home

15

with them. I went without my mother's permission or knowledge. She was much alarmed when I failed to come home that evening, and learning from the teacher where he supposed I had gone, she next day sent a negro boy on a horse, for me. I don't remember whether she punished me or not but I think I must have gotten off whipping.

The next summer I was sent to Mr Warren Branch. He was a man of considerable estate and had quite a large planter. From his house I attended a country school in company with his children. The Teacher's name I do not recollect, but I judge he was better than the average "free school" teacher of that day. Warren Branch owned a large number of slaves and held them under very rigorous discipline. He had a fine apple and peach orchard and made a great deal of cider. This was done with an old fashioned cider prefs. The apples were placed in a circular trough some 25 or 30 feet in diameter and crushed into pomace by a heavy wheel fixed to the end of a horizontal beam and revolved in the trough, being pulled around the circle by a horse or mule. The pomace was then removed to a prefs and the juice squeezed out by means of a long heavy lever one end of which was fastened to a tree. The cider was then put into barrels and the bungs stopped with wisps of straw.

16

These barrels of cider were sometimes left out in the grove near the house. On one occasion I wandered out in the grove alone, and finding the opportunity a favorable one to fill myself with cider, got me an oat straw and opening the

bung inserted the straw and sucked up cider until I rolled over by the side of the barrel and fell asleep. I was found in this condition and taken to the house. I think it was the only time that I was ever sure enough drunk. Mr Branch had a spotted pony called Spank, and nothing pleased me more than to be upon his back. Mr Branch would tell me sometimes that when I got old enough to marry his daughter Ellen, that he would give me Spank, and I think I seriously contemplated the marriage, not so much for the girl as for the pony. Ellen afterwards married N A H Goddin, a man whom I once knew. He became a Methodist preacher and afterwards disgraced his cloth. Her brother Tyler Branch who was then a little chap in drefses, became a lawyer and practiced at the Halifax bar.

Toward the close of the year 1843, my mother resolved to move from Halifax to some place farther west and hearing of Oxford as a favorable place for health and good schools she concluded to remove to this place. In the latter part of December therefore she made the move.

17

The household goods were packed and placed on wagons driven by W H Paschall and others and which were returning from Eastern Carolina whither they had gone

with manufactured tobacco for sale. This W H Paschall was a brother of Mr Lunsford A Paschall. My mother and I made the trip by rail to Henderson, and a tedious trip it was over the old Raleigh & Gaston railroad with its strap iron laid upon wooden rails, and the train tugged with difficulty by a wheezy engine that emitted enough sparks from its pipe to have formed the tail of a respectable sized comet. I think we were all night making the trip, but next morning pulled up in front of Debnam's hotel in Henderson. After breakfast the stage for Oxford, driven by James Stegall, rolled around in front of the hotel, and the long tin stage horn sounded a notice to passengers to get aboard. We did so, and in a few hours Stegall drove into Oxford sounding his horn which he used with much skill, as he came up in front of the old corner hotel then kept by Col Edward Carter. We remained at this hotel for a few days until the arrival of the wagons with the furniture, and until we could get the house which my mother had engaged, in readiness to receive us. We found Mrs Carter, the wife of the landlord, an excellent woman and she became a warm friend of my mother's. The house we first went into was the small building yet standing and just

south of John Hall's drug store, then owned by Gen Wm S McClanahan. The house was small

18

(there was then a kitchen in the rear) but it answered my mother's purposes. Here the first year or two of my life in Oxford was spent. I was sent to a school taught by the wife of Benj C Cooke in the house on the corner next to the Episcopal Church. Mrs Cooke was a cultivated and refined lady and a good teacher, beloved and respected by her pupils. Her husband was clerk of the Superior Court. Among my school mates at this school were John and Susan Wiggins whose father James M Wiggins, was Clerk of the County Court, and who afterwards removed with his family to Texas; also Alexr Nuttall (a bad boy who when I last heard of him was living in Memphis Tenn.) also his sister Celestia; John Mallory and his two sisters Lucy and Caroline; Kate McClanahan afterwards Mrs T H Blackwell; Bettie and Laura Norman, afterwards Mrs Armistead Burwell and Mrs Laura Fullerton; also Sallie Atkinson since Mrs T B Kingsbury; also Thos B Yancy now of Raleigh, and his sisters Sarah and Polly, whose mother was a sister of Mr John Blackwall and the widow of Tryon Yancy (commonly called "Governor" Yancy,) a man who

became insane and was confined in jail here, and committed suicide while in jail. Charlie Kingsbury was also at this school with me, also Jane Eliza Cooper afterwards Mrs Dr P W Young; also Ellen and Martha Paschall daughters of Dennis T Paschall. There were others whose names I do not now recall. It was during these school days that I

19

first saw the girl who was afterwards to be my wife. Her father then owned and lived at the corner lot now owned by Col L C Edwards.

After my mother had been in Oxford about a year, she was married to Stephen B Grice, and shortly afterwards moved into a house which stood where the upper half of Landis' store now stands. I was too young then to have any opinion as to the wisdom or propriety of my mother's marriage and I urged no objection, but my instincts were against it, for somehow I felt that the man she was marrying was not her equal, yet I had learned to believe that whatever she did was right, and relied implicitly upon her judgment in this as in everything else. I am satisfied that her hopes and her interests were at that time centered in me, and that whatever she did was done with the view of

better enabling her to care for me. I think I was born with the instincts of a gentleman, and an ambition for something better had already begun to stir within me, and I now felt that this marriage was placing me under the authority of a man whom I felt to be my inferior. I never got over this feeling, but as I grew older it became intensified and he realized it. It is enough to say that the marriage did not prove to be a happy one. Of this marriage there was born in 1845 or '46, my first half sister, Mary Elizabeth Grice. I became tenderly devoted to this child and I think I had never

20

known a sorrow so deep as that occasioned by her death while she was yet an infant. On the 31st October, 1847 Laura Harrison Grice my second half sister was born. The family had again moved and was then living in the house since known as Lynch's jewelry store and which Mr Grice had purchased. Laura was born in this house. She also became very dear to me and this affection grew with our years. She gave early indications of a bright intellect and refined feelings with a decided religious cast of mind. She became a woman of refined culture. Her attainments in scholarship and general literature are broad and thorough,

and it is a matter of regret to me that my children should not know her better.

In 1846 I was transferred from Mrs Cooke's school to the Male Academy, then taught by J L Gillespie. It was I think his first session here and I think he remained in Oxford but one year. He was said to be a good scholar, but did not have a popular turn and was generally disliked by the students. He wore green glafses and would sit at his desk and seem sometimes to be asleep, but was always on the alert to catch a boy in mischief and flog him for it. I dont think he ever got hold of me, for I was too much afraid of him to give him any occasion to do so. The Male Academy at that day stood about where

21

R H McGuire's dwelling now stands, and the Female Academy where Henry Bryan's dwelling now stands. The two buildings were scarcely 100 yards apart and were separated only by a board fence. The residence of the principal of the female school was where the Hobgood Seminary now stands. The relative position of these two Academy buildings had existed thus for nearly 30 years, or since the year 1817 when it seems that the institution was established. I was about twelve years of age when I

entered this school. My studies were the usual English branches. My most intimate companion at this time was Charles S Herndon, son of Dr John R Herndon and brother of the present Mrs Sallie Easton. Charlie Herndon lived near me, desked near me at school and was in most of my clafses. Among the older boys in the school were Andrew J Rogers, brother to Mrs Franklin Harris. Ben and Whitfield Parham, sons of Col Lewis Parham and older brothers of A C Parham (Boss). Both these Parhams died early of pulmonary consumption, Caleb and Wm H Osborne and their younger brothers Asa F and Benson J Osborne. The Nuttall boys Joe and Alexr Ben Kittrell the father of Mrs Lettie Lassiter. Robt T Pelham son of the notorious Bob Potter. The name of his children had been changed to Pelham. I remember a famous fight between Kittrell and Pelham. The boys had been playing ball, and when the bell rung for school, Pelham lingered

22

outside and as Kittrell was entering the door, Pelham threw a ball at him and struck him a hard blow. Kittrell deliberately turned back into the yard regardless of the bell, gathered Pelham and before he quit had given him a sound thrashing. The small boys were delighted at this,

for Pelham was generally feared and hated by them, and Kittrell was now looked upon by them as a hero. Old Gillespie called Kittrell in and flogged him severely which he bore with sullen fortitude. The boys were greatly incensed at this punishment of Kittrell.

T B Kingsbury, Wm R Wiggins and Nehemiah H Wiggins were also among the larger boys. Bill Wiggins was very popular. He afterwards became a lawyer and was elected to the Legislature in 1850 before he was 21 years of age. He afterwards lived in Lexington N.C. and was a partner in a store with Robt L Hunt, and had a shooting affray on the street there with James M Leech, which grew out of trouble with a woman. Wiggins afterwards practiced law in Oxford and finally went to Texas where he was afsafsinated, it is said, by the brothers of a woman he had injured. He had an extraordinary weaknefs for women, was bold and daring in his adventures with them, and it finally cost him his life.

Among others of my school companions at this time were Wm T and Oliver P Taylor, sons of John C Taylor

23

also A Landis Jr, Henry Young and his older brother Edward, sons of Dr James Young. This Henry Young was

also an intimate companion of mine. He was an intelligent and studious boy and had some fondness for art, was skillful in the use of water colors, and this was the principal source of our congeniality. The Young family afterwards removed to Va.

It was about this time, 1846, that Mr Samuel L Venable came to Oxford and took charge of the Female Academy. He had a large and flourishing school and was greatly respected, - a fine scholar, but extremely indolent. He had in earlier life been a lawyer, but it seems had not the qualities to fit him for success in that profession.

It was found that the proximity of the two Academy buildings was inconvenient, and arrangements began to be made for the removal of the Male Academy to the opposite side of town. A lot was purchased of Abram Spencer on the East side of Grassy Creek Street, (the lot now occupied by Rev R H Marsh) for the erection of a new building; but in the meantime the school was removed to the "old yellow house" which stood where the "Centre Warehouse" now stands, and which was temporarily rented for the purpose. The school was now taught by Rev Edwin Geer, an Episcopal clergyman, a large, portly and excellent

gentleman who had succeeded Gillespie. Mr Geer had charge of the school for about three years, and

24

was at the same time Rector of St Stefens' church in Oxford. He was very much beloved by his pupils and by the community. He had a fine vein of humor and was keenly sensitive to the ridiculous, and a general and hearty laugh was not an infrequent occurrence in the school. He brought with him to Oxford as a pupil, his young brother.in.law, John Beckwith who was afterwards Bishop of the Diocese of Ga. Beckwith was several years my senior. He was a good student and a remarkably fine declaimer. While at school at the yellow house he and Henry Herndon had a fierce quarrel on the play ground, which came near ending in a fight.

I should mention here that my attendance at school was not regular or continuous, for as early as the year 1846 I was part of this time earning my own living. My first experience of this kind was as clerk in a small variety and drug store, kept by R J Mitchel in the building now occupied by Broughton as a barroom.

This was the first drug store ever opened in Oxford so far as I know, for the physicians in that day usually

dispensed their drugs and prepared their own prescriptions. I was with Col Mitchell but a short time - it may have been during a vacation from school. Afterwards I was in the store of D T & W V Paschall. This firm (father and son) built the storehouse now known as the old Harris store on Main Street. My associate

25

clerk here was Asbury Whitfield, a clever young man of good habits and who died early. He was a younger brother of N G Whitfield who died in Oxford within the last few years. Mr Dennis T Paschall the Sr member of the firm, was an older brother of Mr Lunsford A Paschall who was then my guardian. D T Paschall died, I think, in 1848. L A Paschall purchased his deceased brother's interest in the business, and the firm became Wm V Paschall & Co. Various changes followed from time to time in this business. At one time it was L A Paschall & Co, then by the accession of Col Richard O. Britton it became Britton & Paschall, then Paschall & Hicks and finally T C & E H Hicks. I was clerk in the establishment at one time and another, for all these firms. I had but little taste however for traffic, and the greater part of my time while there was devoted to bookkeeping. During this time I had few

afsociates in this store, but at different periods, James Barnes, A Landis Jr, James R Mallory, A C Parham, T H Blackerall and others. And it was during this time that my acquaintances with Sallie Duty begun to ripen into a tenderer relation. She was attending Mr Venable's School. I saw her as she pafsed the store daily, usually in company with Kate McClanahan, her intimate friend and companion. Sometimes they had occasion to call. I waited upon them whenever I could. Gen'l McClanahan the father of Kate was fond of young people, and his daughter

26

had some of her school companions with her on nearly every Friday evening. Sallie Duty was usually of the number, and I rarely mifsed an opportunity to be present. She was even then treated by her school companions with much deference, as a girl of solid worth and of superior intellectual parts. She seemed to exercise a controlling influence among them. She was dignified and womanly, stood at the head of her clafses, and had the respect of her teachers. Of course I admired all this, and gave her especial attention whenever opportunity was afforded. The admiration seemed to become mutual and continued to grow. Well, I need not dwell on details as to the rest. It

was the same old story, the end of which is not yet. I may recur to its later developments further on, but return now to the narrative.

Mr Geer was succeeded in the Male Academy by Mr Edward H Hicks who had but recently graduated at the University of Chapel Hill and had no previous experience as a teacher. He was fond of me however, and took much pains I thought to advance me in my studies. With him I studied besides the usual English course, Latin and Greek. I had begun the study of Latin under Mr Geer. In 1851 Mr James H Horner succeeded Mr Hicks as principal of the school. Mr Horner had already made a reputation as being a very superior teacher. After his graduation at the University in North Carolina he had taken a course of law and then

27

begun to teach, first I think, at Hamilton, N.C. and then in Florida. I think he came to Oxford from Florida. There were remarkable stories current among the boys as to his learning and as to his wife's accomplishments. I remember that it was said of Mrs Horner that she could repeat the whole of Scotts' Lady of the Lake from memory. I attended part of one sefsion under Mr Horner. My eyes

became inflamed from excessive use of them at night, and I was forced to quit school. I again entered the store now owned and conducted by T G & E H Hicks. It was a matter of sincere regret to me that I was forced to leave school at this time. I was extremely anxious to continue my studies under Mr Horner and then go to College. I was able to perceive and appreciate the very superior advantages I had in Mr Horner for a teacher. And at that time Col Rich P Taylor who had become interested in me as a member of the Methodist Church, which I had joined in 1849, offered to furnish me the means of completing my education at Randolph Macon College. But it was not so ordered, and I never attended school after the Spring of 1851. - (excepting the Law School.) At that time I had learned Algebra and some Geometry, had in Latin, read parts of Ceasar, Sallust, Cicero, Livi and Horace, and in Greek had read the gospel of John and part of Xenophon. - had in fact just learned how to study to advantage and was about ready to go to

28

college. If I had gone to Randolph Macon as I once expected to do, my career would doubtless have been quite different from what it has been, for I think Col Taylor's expectations were that I would be a preacher, and I

probably might have yielded to the influences in that direction, yet in my most serious moments I had never felt that I was fitted for that holy vocation. While I regarded the various influences that bore upon me, somewhat in the light of a Divine call to preach, yet I felt that they were extraneous, and in my inmost heart I did not find enough genuine devotion to warrant me in believing that it was my duty to undertake that kind of life. I entertained the most exalted idea of what a preacher's life and character should be, and I did not find in myself the qualities which I thought suited me to it. I confess however that there was a struggle and I could not but feel some qualms of conscience in turning away from a course that many of my pious friends thought I should follow. I tried to persuade myself and I suppose that I succeeded in doing so, that because a young man was inclined to a religious life was not in itself a sufficient reason for going into the ministry, but that a christian layman would have abundant opportunity to exert a religious influence at times and in places when and where a preacher's influence would not be felt.

In the latter part of 1852 while still in the store with the Hicks'es I had about made up my mind to be a lawyer. I applied to Mr Lanier to know if he would give me instruction. He tried to dissuade me from the law, saying that I would have to live poor for a long time, and that medicine opened a much more inviting field. I also consulted Mr R B Gilliam. He did not discourage me, and advised me to acquire a thorough acquaintance with the history of England, and that when I got ready to enter upon the study of law in earnest, by all means to go to Judge Pearson's law school. He lent me a history of England which I begun to devour with avidity. Mr Paschall my guardian, also encouraged me. He had enough money of mine to put me through the course, and so in the month of March 1853 I set out in company with Willis H Jenkins and Lewis Taylor Jr ("Nat") for Judge Pearson's. Here I found agreeable companions and an atmosphere of law. The Judge lived I might say, in the backwoods, about two miles from the little town of Rockford which had once been the county seat of Surry county, and near the banks of the Yadkin. His family was a pleasant one, consisting of his wife, two sons and six

daughters. There were generally about 30 students attending his law lectures, about half a dozen of whom usually boarded in his family, and the rest about in the neighborhood, at Joe Williams, Dobson's and at

30

Rockford. It would be tedious to name over all the students who were with me at this school during the two years I was there; but I took board with the Judge occupying his office a log cabin which stood in the yard, and had for my first room mate G W Logan of Rutherfordton. Logan was then about 40 years of age. He afterwards became a Judge of the Supreme Court, under the Radical regime soon after the war. He was a sour tempered man and not a congenial companion, and never became much of a lawyer, though he gained some unenviable notoriety as a Judge, see *Ex Parte Schenk* 65. NC Reports 353. I afterward had for a room mate Fred N Stanwick of Hillsboro, a man of bright and capacious mind, but not of a close student at that time. Later James T McClenahan was my room mate. Among other students there during my stay and who afterwards rose to distinction, were Daniel G Fowle, Judge and Gov. Thomas Settle, Judge of Supreme Court of NC and afterwards

Judge of Federal Court of Florida. Thomas C Fuller, Judge of US Court. Jesse F Graves Judge of Superior Court. I have elsewhere preserved a complete list of all the students who were at Judge Pearsons with me during the years 1853 & 54. Some of these died early, some lost their lives in the war and a few only rose to eminent distinction in the profefion.

Judge Pearson's method of instruction was peculiar.

31

It could not properly be called lecturing. He would come into his office and seat himself near the chimney corner, and the students were ranged around the room in a sort of semicircle. Usually a large wooden box of smoking tobacco occupied the middle of the floor. The Judge would bring his pipe and every student was at liberty to do the same, and sometimes the room would be filled with a cloud of tobacco smoke. Blackstone furnished the framework of the lefsons. The judge would pit two of the best students against each other and ply them with questions, and when both failed to answer correctly, he would pafs the question around and thus find out who was studying and making progrefs. No one knew when he would be bounced, and so all were on the alert and anxious

to be ready when the hard questions came and when a new man would answer one of these hard questions, it would set him right up. In the winter of 1853, I was ready to apply for County Court license, but I was only a little past 19 years of age and the rule was that license could not be obtained by a student under 21, so after consulting my guardian, I concluded to remain until the following summer term of the Supreme Court before making application, and would then take the risk of not having my age enquired about. So in the summer of 1854 I passed examination and received license to practice in the County Courts. In the

32

fall of that year I returned to read the Supreme Court course, and in June 1855 when just 21, stood for my other license, which I obtained without difficulty.

At the August term 1854 of Granville County Court I was in Oxford and having just obtained my county court license and being in the court for the first time as a lawyer. I was by the courtesy of Mr. R W Lassiter invited to take part in defending some free Negroes, men and women, who had been indicted for an affray in the "Backjacks". Mr Lassiter, Hon Edwin G Reade and perhaps others,

appeared for the defense. Mr James T Littlejohn prosecuted as County Attorney. I made my first speech to the jury, in this case, and did so I think with a good deal of self posession. Mr Reade made a good speech, as he always did; but I think the defendants were convicted neverthelefs: I reckon they ought to have been.

After obtaining my Superior Court license in the summer of 1855 I came back to Oxford and took an office. My first case on the civil docket was an action of debt brought for Wm V Paschall, my old employer, and in due time I took judgment against the defendant. I soon found however that to make a living at the practice of law was by no means a hopeful undertaking and I felt that Mr Lanier's prediction was likely to be verified. I accordingly begun to cast about for some

33

way of rendering my precarious situation more certain of affording me a livelihood. Mr Littlejohn's term as County Attorney was about to expire, and he had given notice of his intentions not to be a candidate for reelection. The office was bestowed by election of the Justices of the Peace of the county and I begun to make known to the Justice that I should be a candidate for the office. W H Jenkins

was my only competitor. In the meantime, E H Hicks who was then Clerk & Master in Equity informed me of his intention to resign, and I soon found myself in a position to choose between the two offices. I chose the latter as far more desirable and more suited to my taste. When the election for Co. Attorney took place I had withdrawn from that contest and Jenkins was elected without opposition. Shortly afterwards I received the appointment of Clerk & Master in Equity. I held the office for twelve consecutive years until it was abolished by the constitution of 1868; or rather it was then consolidated with the office of Superior Court Clerk, which was election by the people. The office paid me about \$400 – or \$500 – per year, and enabled me to become familiar with Equity practice which was valuable. In 1856 I was invited by Mr R W Laster to become his partner in the practice. Mr Lassiter was then a man of wealth and was disposed to transfer what practice he had to me. I accepted his offer, occupied his law office and boarded in his family until about the time of my marriage,

34

which took place March 23 1859. The law partnership continued until 1866, when Mr Lassiter was appointed by

W M Holden (who was then military Governor of the State) President of the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad Co. I had in the latter part of 1858 contracted with Mrs. Mary A Paschall for the purchase of her house & lot, being the lot now known as the Rectory, and including all the lots fronting on the street up to the Worthington lot, (now Dr Marsh's) I moved to this place with my mother and sister in January 1859. This was preparatory to my approaching marriage. My affiance was at that in Kinston on a visit to her sister Mrs Kinsey. She had previously been teaching away from home, in Greensboro Female College and at Palmer's Springs, VA. She has preserved our correspondence during the years of courtship and engagement, and this may at sometime afford interesting reading to our children Mifs Lucy Duty who was my warm friend during this period, and at all times, had purchased the old home place of her father, and taught a school there for some years, and here at the time appointed, Wednesday evening 23 March, the marriage took place, in the present parlor, the ceremony being performed by Rev Lewis K Willie in the presence of a large assemblage of friends. It was an old fashioned home wedding, a gathering of the friends of both families, and not confined

to the young people; but quite a number of married persons

35

was present. Among them I remember Mr L A Paschall, Mr J H Horner, Mr & Mrs R W Lassiter, Mr & Mrs T B Kingsbury and others. The “waiters” were the following Edward W Gilliam with Mifs Pattie Duty, Prof Ashbel G Brown with Mifs Hattie N Cousins, James Campbell with Mifs Lucy Duty, Rev Tho U Faucette with Mifs Bettie Hicks. Dr Robert I Hicks with Mifs Bettie Brown, Lewis Taylor Jr. with Mifs Mary Hart, A Landis Jr with Mifs Ella Worthington, Dr Eugene Grissom with Mifs Nettie Norton.

An elegant supper was spread in the West room and the occasion seemed to be much enjoyed by all present. On the next evening I took my wife to my own home, and had another pleasant occasion with our friends. On Friday evening Mr & Mrs Lassiter, notwithstanding it was during Lent, gave us an elegant entertainment with a large number of invited friends. These occasions were pleasant to all, and the last especially was highly appreciated by us. We were of course very happy, and it gives me pleasure to record here my belief that few married lives, extending over so long a period, have had so much of unclouded

sunshine and happiness, and so little of sorrow and regret. After my marriage I devoted myself with renewed ardor to the practice of my profession and to my duties as

36

Clerk and Master in Equity. With the slender income those then afforded I was compelled to practice strict economy, but we lived easily and comfortably. My mother and sister remained with me, and our house was a happy one, or if not uniformly so, it must now be set down to causes which as seen in the distance could not probably have been avoided.

We were surrounded with kind neighbors. Mr L A Paschall especially, who lived on an adjoining lot, had always been one of my warmest and kindest friends, and so continued to the day of his death. Miss Lucy Duty had purchased from her father, the old home place and taught a school there. Her father, mother and younger unmarried sisters made it their home, except when these sisters were teaching elsewhere. Mr Robert D Hart, a primitive baptist preacher lived at the place now occupied by Alexr Crews. Mrs Worthington lived where Dr R H Marsh now lives. A N Jones ("Nash") lived at the present Usery place. These,

with many others living farther away, were all good neighbors.

The bar of Oxford at that time was considered a strong one. Mr Robert B Gilliam was the oldest and most distinguished member and had the respect and admiration of all his junior brethren. Mr V Lanier was his law partner and was

37

as he has always been, a laborious and painstaking lawyer and eminent scholar. R W Lassiter, James T Littlejohn, T B Venable, L C Edwards, Joseph J Davis, T L Hargrove, Willis H Jenkins and perhaps some others were resident lawyers, and most of them had a good practice. Among the visiting lawyers in those days were Henry W Miller of Raleigh, Abram W Venable who lived in the county of Granville, William A Graham of Hillsboro, Hugh Waddell of Pittsboro, Edwin G Reade of Roxboro, Thomas Bragg of Raleigh, John Kerr of Yanceyville, William Eaton of Warrenton and others. Those I have mentioned were all distinguished men and their names live in history. Mr Edward G Reade now of Raleigh is the only survivor in the flesh and is an octogenarian.

The year 1860 was one of great political anxiety. The presidential election of that year was looked forward to as a crisis. There were few candidates for the presidency. The democratic party was rent in twain at the National Convention which assembled at Charleston in April of that year. The more conservative wing of the party at that Convention choose Stephan A Douglas of Illinois as its candidate, but a respectable minority bolted the convention and subsequently met at Baltimore and nominated John C Breckenridge of Kentucky. This latter branch was regarded as representing the extreme Southern sentiment of the country The Whig party had for its candidate John Bell of Tennessee for the presidency with Edward Everett of Massachusetts for the vice-presidency and represented the Union sentiment. Abraham Lincoln was the candidate for the Republicans, which to the “Southern”

38

mind was but another name for abolitionists. Under the circumstances there was strong probability that Lincoln would be elected by a plurality of votes, and the ultra democrats of the South were looking forward to such an

event as the signal for the disruption of the Union by a secession of the slave states.

My vote in that election was cast for Bell and Everett and I felt that the union of the states ought to be preserved at all hazards. The abolitionists in the North were aggressive and insulting toward the South, while with ultra democracy of the South was proud and defiant, retorting scorn for scorn. But there was a sentiment throughout the country, both North and South, that rose superior to the feeling that animated these extremists and which perceived the folly of making Lincoln's election a cause of war. There were indeed many avowed secessionists who pretended to believe that secession would be accomplished peaceably, that the United States Government would acknowledge the right ... without serious

39

opposition. Indeed one distinguished public speaker in Oxford (A W Venable (?)) said that he would engage to wipe up all the blood that should be shed, with his pocket handkerchief. The reasons and feeling which actuated the different parties, were derived from causes that had long existed and which were too many and various to be stated here. They may be read in the history of those times.

When Lincoln's election was known the advocates of secession went actively to work to bring about a dissolution of the Union. They filled the South with all kinds of inflammatory literature to promote that end, and their efforts were greatly aided by the obstinacy of the successful party in refusing to heed the appeals of the conservative friends of the Union in behalf of a conciliatory policy. The prevailing sentiment in North Carolina was not favorable to secession, and if it had been possible, the state would doubtless have remained neutral and suffered the extremists on either side to fight out the issues to their hearts' content. But this was not possible. As one after another of the Southern States seceded, their representatives in Congress and their citizens holding office under the federal government resigned their places and returned to their homes to identify themselves with the movements of their respective States. Nearly all the forts of the Government in the Southern States were seized and held by the States in which they were. The garrison at Fort Sumpter consisting of

40

soldiers commanded by Col Robert Anderson, was in need of supplies. It was exposed to the guns of Fort Moultrie

and other fortifications near Charleston which were held by the seceded states of South Carolina. It was made known to the U S Government that any attempt to furnish supplies or to reinforce the garrison, would be resisted, and when the attempt was made in April 1861, the batteries of Moultrie and the rest opened fire upon Sumpter. The fire was returned and war was actually begun.

In February 1861 an election had been held in North Carolina, to determine the call of a convention to consider the question of Secession. The Union sentiment prevailed and the result was against the call of a convention. But after the bombardment of Sumpter President Lincoln called for 75000 troops to put down “the rebellion”, and the governor of North Carolina, John W Ellis was called on for N C’s quota. Gov Ellis replied defiantly, refusing to furnish troops from N C to make war against Southern States, and averred that any attempt of the U S Government to send troops into or through N C for that purpose would be resisted. The alternative was now forced upon N C to take sides either with the North or with her sister Southern States. Again a call was made for a

convention. The call was submitted to a vote of the people and was ... by a large majority. The convention

41

assembled in Raleigh in May 1861, and on the 20th day of that month, the anniversary of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence, the ordinance of secession was passed and N C cast her lot with that of the Southern Confederacy. The Union sentiment was silenced. Volunteer companies were organizing throughout the state and tendering their services to the state or to the Confederate States Government. The young men were especially pressing eagerly to the front with the purpose and expectation of whipping out the yankees in short order. The events of this period and of the whole conflict, have passed into history, and may be read at large elsewhere, and I need not dwell upon them here.

I was at a loss to know my duty, for I then partook of the general feeling of men of my age in the South, not that I favored secession, or believed it to be a constitutional right reserved to the states; but then the natural right to resist oppression and wrong is something that no form of Government and no compact of men can take away. It is the first law of nature and no human legislation can

abrogate it. After much consideration I concluded that it was not my duty to go into the army. I need not point out the reasons that controlled me. It would not be easy now to make them clearly and fully understood, nor do I feel inclined to write any ... for my course. Let it suffice that ...

42

and judgment then approved it.

The war closed in the Spring of 1865. My family then consisted of wife, two children, mother and sister. Our first child, a girl, was still born on 30th of December 1859, and was buried in the garden of our present home. A cedar tree stands at the head of the little grave planted there some years afterwards, I think by Johnnie or Mack. Miss Lucy died on 6th January 1865. It seemed to be the desire of family connections to whom she had devised her property by will that I should occupy the old home place, and I accordingly moved there in September 1865 when daughter Lucy was about two months old. I rented out my own place until an opportunity was afforded to sell it, which I did some years later to the Warden of St Stephen's Church, who purchased it for a rectory. With the proceeds of this sale supplemented by other means, I bought the shares held by the parties who then owned the present

home place, with the exception of my wife's share, one eighth, which she still owns; and here we have lived ever since, excepting about three years when we occupied the Female Academy from Sept 1875 to 1st January 1879, during which time my wife and Hattie Cousins undertook the school. Thisat the Academy proved unfortunate in

43

many respects. I look back upon it as a period of misfortune and gloom, for it was there that little May was born in October 1875, and died in May 1876, and it was there that my wife's health suffered injuries from which she had never fully recovered, and it was there I expended a considerable amount of money for which there was no adequate return. We returned to our home in January 1879, with the feeling that a great burden was shifted from our shoulders. The events in our family life, that have transpired since are within the memory of my children and I need not record them here.

I need only say that my sister Laura removed to Texas early in the 70's, in company of Dr Royall and his family, and assisted him in teaching, having previously taught for him in Raleigh while he was in charge of the Baptist Female College there. She married in Texas, a few years

later, a gentleman by the name of Penuel, a lawyer. About the time of my sister's marriage in the autumn of 1875 my mother also went to Texas and lived with my sister until the 9th of August 1885 when she died in the town of Hearne, having passed her 82nd year.

It may be a matter of some interest to my children to know something of the early influences that served to shape my life and give direction

44

to my tastes. I think I had inherited from my mother all of the inclination towards a religious life that I possessed, and this inclination was sedulously nursed and encouraged by her. At an early age I became familiar with such parts of the Bible as were within the comprehension of a child, especially with the old testament stories of Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Daniel &c; but I was about thirteen years of age when I first when I had any deep religious impressions. I remember that about that time I became much interested in Bible reading and study, more than I ever communicated to any one, even to my mother. The only Sunday School in Oxford at that time was conducted in the Presbyterian Church by Mr Thomas H Willie as Superintendent. Mr James M Wiggins was teacher of a

class of boys of which I was a member. It was a dull, unattractive place. There was no singing, and everything was done in a dry, perfunctory way, calculated to repel rather than to interest a child, and my religious impressions at that time, such as they were, soon passed away. During the summer of 1849 I attended a series of meetings conducted in the old Methodist Church, by Rev Nathan Anderson, who was on the Granville Circuit at that time. My religious interest was again awakened. I made

45

a profession of religion, and then came the question as to what church I should join. The influences operating upon me were diverse. My mother was a baptist, a baptist church had just been built here, and a congregation organized. A baptist female college was in contemplation and everything seemed to promise success and prosperity to that denomination. But my inclinations did not lead in that direction. I felt even then that too much stress was laid by them upon the mere mode of baptism. The church seemed to stand upon too narrow a platform. In the episcopal church was Mr L A Paschall who, next to my mother was my nearest and best friend. There was wealth and social influence in that church, and warm friends to

welcome me. But I felt there was a lack of earnest piety and religious zeal, and I did not wish to be controlled by any influence of a different character. The Methodist Church here was then an humble institution, but its people impressed me as having more of that active and earnest quality of religion which I desired, than any other denomination, and so I resolved to cast in my lot with them. In August 1849 I joined the Methodist church on probation, as was the rule then, and six months later was received into full connection. Sallie Duty joined at the same time. I have often thought of that since as a coincidence, but I am sure it...

46

influence on my course, nor, so far as I have ever known, did my course influence her. I think we both acted independently not only of each other, but of all outside influences. Let it not be supposed that I have always been in full sympathy with everything done and taught by this church. Its earnestness, its aggressiveness and its catholicity commended it to me. It laid hold of the religious feeling within me as no other church did. It became my field of work and I have felt that it was my duty to be loyal to it and to cooperate with it in its labors. My

imprefsfion at this day is that when one had made choice of any branch of the christian church and identified himself with it, he should concentrate his religious energies in sustaining and promoting it so far as he can conscientiously do so, and not to weaken his own religious growth and influence by a divided mind and dissifated powers.

As to my taste in literature, I do not think they received very much impulse or development from my teachers at school. A majority of the old fashioned school teachers taught chiefly for the living that it afforded them, and not with any enthusiasm in making scholars of their pupils. Mr James H Horner was the only teacher in all my experience that seemed to be equal to the duties of

47

his position, or who was capable of awakening and stimulating in his pupils an enthusiasm corresponding to his own, and I was with him but a short time. Mr Geer and Mr Hicks were excellent men and fine scholars but were not born teachers as was Mr Horner.

When I was about 14 years of age and a “clerk” in the Paschall store, a part of the stock in trade consisted of School books. Among these I found two books that greatly

interested me. These were “Watts on the Mind” and “Abecrombie’s Intellectual Philosophy”. I found them, especially the latter, to be powerful intellectual tonics. I also found among them a small cheap edition of Milton’s Paradise Lost which I have yet, and which I then read with avidity. Shortly afterwards I purchased the Morocco bound copy of Shakespeare, which I yet have, and before I was 18 years of age had read it through. Indeed I read nearly all the poetry I could lay hands on. About this time I procured Chamber’s Encyclopedia of Eng Literature a large handsome edition in two volumes, which I prized highly and read eagerly.

Among my very early afsociates I think Mr T B Kingsbury who was several years my senior, influenced me more than any other, in the formation of a literary taste. He was himself a constant reader of polite literature and loved to talk of the books he read and of their authors. I suppose he discovered

48

me an interested and appreciative listener, and his conversation with me became in consequence more frequent than they would otherwise have been, and I suppose I was some what flattered by his attention, as well

as stimulated to become acquainted with the authors that he talked of. As I grew older I found in Mr Robert B Gilliam a man of wide and varied reading and an accomplished scholar and gentleman, who often talked with me encouragingly about books and authors, and did much I think in giving direction to my reading. I was fond of reading aloud and was ambitious of excelling in that accomplishment, and fortunately for me I had among my companions a blind young man who was always ready to listen whenever I would read to him, and this afforded me the opportunity for much reading aloud without the appearance of being singular.

I think now, that my fondness for general literature made me less diligent in the prosecution of other less attractive studies that should have received more of my attention, and which probably would have been more profitable. Indeed I am satisfied that when I determined to become a lawyer, it was too much with the idea that it was a profession in which I could gratify my taste and general knowledge and with too little

appreciation of the fact that eminent success as a lawyer is conditioned upon almost unremitting attention to the laborious study and drudgery of that profession.

Blackstone, who was in early life devoted to literature and was something of a poet, when he undertook the study of law, bade farewell to his muse in lines that are preserved in his biography, and which may well be commended to all students of literary taste who are setting out upon the study of that profession, for the law, as he says, is a jealous mistress and brooks no interference of the muses.

And now while referring to the profession of the law, while I cannot claim to have attained to eminent distinction therein, or to have reached any of the higher honors of the profession, my children I know will excuse the vanity, if vanity it be, if I direct their attention to the honorable mention made by the Supreme Court of at least one argument made before that tribunal in which I endeavored to persuade the court that they ought to reverse some of their more recent decisions and return to a principle which I thought was established as correct in the earlier decisions and from which they had inadvertently departed. I refer to my argument in the case of *Hicks vs*

Bullock reported in the 96th volume of the NC Supreme Court Reports, page 164. The Court I think, was

50

convinced of the soundness of my argument but thought they ought to adhere to their later decisions. Their opinion of the argument and their reason for not adopting the view presented, are expressed in the later case of Breden vs McLaurin, reported in Vol 98 N C Supreme Court Reports, page 307.

Richard Duty. - Will dated August 26, 1794

proved and recorded February, 1795.

He left eleven children as follows-

1. George.
2. Richard.
3. Ann - died unmarried, see Book of Deeds, Granville County, Pages 286, 287, 291.
4. Susannah - married John Thomas.
5. Benjamin.
6. Thomas.
7. Jabez
8. Rachael, married Ira Ellis
9. Elizabeth, married ... Williams
10. Samuel, married Fannie Kelly Harris
11. Sarah, married Willis Harris

Elizabeth Duty probably widow of Richard Haley, died 8th Jan., 1808. See records in Clerk's office, Granville Co. North Carolina for 1808, page 407.

In 1766 Richard Duty purchased of John Haley, of the County of Caroline, Colony of Virginia, 301 acres of land west side of Aaron's Creek. See book of deeds "H", page 274. In 1763 he purchased of Drury Smith 577 acres of

land on both sides of Andrew's Creek - see book of deeds "F", page 472.

In 1711, Mathew Duty of Bute County, N.C. (afterwards Franklin and Warren) came to Granville and purchased of Thos Person 400 acres of land on both sides of Grassy Creek. He lived in Granville a few years and then sold his land and probably returned to Franklin Co. He was doubtless a brother of Richard Duty.

Samuel Duty was born June 14th., 1790 - died August 17th 1873 age 84.

Fannie K. Duty - born December 3d 1795 - died December 30th. 1880 age 84

(For my additions, see near the back of the book. F.B.

Hays, 1914)

Harris Family

George Harris married Keziah Earle, probably 1772

His mother was Miss ____ Kimbro Born probably about 1725

Keziah Earle was daughter of ____ Earl and Martha Watts Earle - 1750 - 1775?

The children of George Harris and wife Keziah were

1. Mollie, Married 1st Paschall - 2nd Rowland.
2. Presley, died in infancy
3. George Whitfield Harris, married Sallie Wright
4. James Harvey Harris, married 1st Bettie Glover - 2nd Elizabeth Norman
5. Elizabeth, married Abner Hicks
6. Willis Harries, married Sallie Duty.
7. Ivey Harris, married Judith Allgood.
8. Fletcher Harris, died unmarried age 30 at Petersburg Va.
9. Kizzie, married Presly Rowland
10. Fannie Kelly Harris, married Samuel Duty (about 1809)

Children of George W Harris, mentioned above

1. Benjamin Franklin
2. Cynthia Ann
3. James Wright
4. Susan.
5. Henry Willis
6. Thomas Davenport
7. Richard Wright
8. Fletcher.
9. Julia Elizabeth
10. Amanda Melvina
11. Sally Willis

53

Children of James Harvey Harris -

1. Maria Caroline.
2. George Addison
3. Lucy Ann Glover
4. Harriet Melvina
5. Mary Glover
6. James Havey
7. Betsy Glover
8. Martha
9. Philip Wiley
10. Benjamin Willis

Children of Elizabeth Hicks and Abner -

1. Rufus
2. Mary Fletcher
3. George Newton
4. John Buxton
5. Samuel Asbury
6. Joseph M.
7. Munenah, died in infancy
8. Harriet
9. Betsy
10. Robert
11. Benjamin Willis

Children of Ivey Harris and Judith Allgood -

1. Betsy Cooley.
2. Ann Kimbro.
3. William Allgood.
4. Mary Venable.
5. John Fltcher.
6. George Archer.
7. Narcisser Reton, died in infancy.

Children of Willis Harris

1. Samuel Jefferson

2. Lucille Roe
3. John Milton
4. Eliz Thomas
5. Harriet Fletcher
6. Edward Willis
7. Cicero Fidello
8. Adam Clark
9. Byron Pollock
10. Suetben - probably same as 13 below.
11. Sally Irving
12. Isabeila Massillon
13. S.F. Johnson
14. George Badger.

Children of Samuel Duty and Fannie Kelly Harris -

1. Elizabeth Movin, married Murray.
2. Matilda Bruce, married Cousins.
3. Harriet Atwood, married Jones
4. Amanda.
5. Parthenia Frances, married 1st Ellis, 2nd Harris.
6. Ann Eliza.
7. MaryAnderson, married Davis.
8. Lucy Ann Amander, died 6th January 1865
9. Indiana Cornelia, married Kinsey.

10. Martha Willis, married Frost.
11. Sallie George, married John Willis Hays
12. Susan, married oDub

55

Children of Kizzie Rowland and Presly-

1. James Henry.
2. Lucy Fletcher.
3. Mary.
4. George Harris.
5. Fanny Flavins.
6. Willis Fletcher.

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Recorded by John Willis Hays (III)

Born March 14 – 1861 Oxford N.C.

Died December 14 – 1913 Petersburg Va.

If in the year 2000, or thereabouts, the great grandchildren of the little children who in this year of 1897 play about me now, should fall upon this book it may please them to know something of those from whom they have sprung, as it would please me now to have the record of my own great grandfather, written by him in those stirring times of which he was a part. Did he know Washington, did he fight Cornwallis, did the Indians burn his cabin? How intensely interesting such details of his life would be to us today. But little he thought of one who should come a hundred years after and in happier time, seated in his own comfortable library, before a glowing hearth, wonder what part he had borne in those large events of which history can give us but the vague outline. For my children and for those who may follow them, I write of these things which have been a part of my life.

When I look back through these thirty and more years to that time when first I can perceive my existence emerging into consciousness I see someone standing at a window. They call me and hold me up, and I see a company of soldiers marching past. "See them march!" they said. Presently someone observed that it was the month

58

of March. And so I thought the soldiers marched because it was March. This is my earliest recollection and it must have been in March 1863, when I was two years old. I was born on the 14th day of March, 1861. About this same time I can recall being punished by my father who had sat me in a corner with my face to the wall. And the emotions of fear and resentment which this punishment evoked are yet very lively in my mind. I can readily understand why this incident should have impressed my memory; but why that of a little woodtick found one morning imbedded in my flesh? I went to my mother, not yet risen, for its removal. This is the earliest distinct recollection I have of my mother. My home surroundings then come back to me clearly; the little square house in the little square yard; with a garden of flowers to one side, a field beyond, and

across the little quiet street another field stretching away. The town seemed still, the street still, the household still, for over all was the cloud of war. I did not know what war was, but I knew from the faces of those around me that something terrible was happening.

The kitchen stood in the back yard apart from the house, and here Liza and her little child lived. She was the cook and sometimes my nurse, and I loved her better than anybody else in the world. It was a feeling of such

59

happiness and security to be with her. She never whipped me or scolded me. She would steal sugar for me, and when she rocked me to sleep her arms felt so warm, and her big breast so comfortable. I loved her better than father or mother, and I believe she loved me equally with her own brown baby. One day I saw my mother whip her, strike her several times about the head with a little yardstick, for some trifling misdemeanor, and I went off and cried by myself. The earliest recollection I have of my father was of fear, of my mother indifference. I loved Liza, I was fond of the little girl, and I have some kindly recollection of the boy who used to work in the garden - Then there were our neighbor's "boys" who worked his garden and who would

talk to me over the fence. I have no recollection of the birth of brother Mack. I first recall him in his nurse's arms, and she swinging the rope swing which hung from a mulberry tree in the back yard.

A big sorrel horse which belonged to "Uncle Kinsey" and which had been sent from Raleigh, probably to escape the Yankee raiders, impressed me vividly. And about this time Governor Bragg, of Texas, (why he was in North Carolina I do not know) sent a big ox cart to our place for certain hogs. The men caught the hogs, cut their throats amid much squealing, and then turned them loose to run a moment and drop. I thought this fine sport and the little darky and I capered about excessively.

60

Old Mr Lunsford Paschall, whom I remember then as an old whitehaired man would come over the stile which separated him from us and sit with father under the shade of the mulberry tree where they discussed campaigns and fought battles presumably. The war that we heard of finally grew nearer. Across the street a little way were our neighbors, the Harts. And with them boarded the teacher, Mr Tully, a friend of my father's, who would occasionally drop in to see us. And when my nurse, now Sophronia,

would take me to see him I would sometimes meet Mr Henry Hart, who would give me gingerbread, and at length his brother Dick, who came home with a leg shot off, and who played the fiddle, much to my delight. How he could get up the steps with only one leg, even with crutches was a marvel to me.

One day I went with Father to visit the camp of certain Confederate troops camped on what was the called “the Green”, an open square in front of the academy for females near the eastern limits of town. We were hailed by a acquaintance and went into his tent where the narrow cot and small furnishings much took my fancy. But the war moved on, our own Confederate troops had disappeared. The Federal army was approaching. One morning a Yankee sentinel stood at our gate. Troops were all about the town. There was the marching of bands of music, much to our delight, the dragging of cannon, the hurrying of horsemen. But the

61

fighting was all over now. One afternoon mother was seated on our porch with her guitar when a squad of officers passing, reined suddenly up, dismounted, and entering desired some music. An orderly who had taken

charge of their horses also took charge of me, and while they enjoyed the music within I rode delighted to and fro under the guardianship of my new nurse. There was one small rough pony which I especially desired to ride but he declined to have me ride it. "It was his horse", he said. The horse was probably vicious, but I thought him very mean. This one little incident of that great war took such strong hold upon my fancy that to this day that I never think of a battle or a vast assemblage of troops without seeing somewhere in the midst that bunch of horses held by the little Irish orderly. At that time we could hear the felling of big oak trees in the grove near by, now the grounds of the state orphan asylum, and the hills to the east of the town were white with tents. My nurse, or my brother's, carried us down town to see the troops march by. They came from Hillsboro. The Zouaves especially caught my eye with their bright red trousers. And I remember those who carried big drums with the head out, possibly shot out, and flags torn or shot to tatters. I wondered why they did not throw them away. I can see now the very flutter of these. Some one of the sentinels at our door gave brother Mack and me each a silver coin, the first we had ever seen.

About this time I had gone to Raleigh with Dump, Aunt Maria, on a visit to the Kinseys. This was the first time I saw a locomotive and cars, and through the entire trip the whistle would frighten me terribly. I remember well how rough the tracks were, the deafening rattle and clatter of the “U” rails resting loosely in “chairs”, how the cars bumped and jerked at starting and stopping, and how incessantly the brakeman worked his wheel. This was the Raleigh and Gaston railroad. I saw the Federal troops march into Raleigh and run up the stars and stripes before the “governor’s mansion” (noted in red ink – Sherman’s Army April 13, 1865) and heard their hurraing. But I can recall nothing of what those about me said or did. Later we rode out to Aunt Sue’s, several miles from Raleigh, Dump, old Mr Blake, and I rested in the bottom of his buggy. We passed numerous dead horses, whether shot in skirmishing or fallen dead I do not know. The trees were loaded with buzzards, fences were torn away, the country seemed abandoned and desolate. And this is all that I saw and personally knew of that terrible drama through which we lived.

This old Mr. Blake was a kindly old fellow who would occasionally take me out with him in his buggy. One day we met in the road a neighbor driving oxen yoked to a two wheeled cart. The neighbor alighted and drew near for a chat when suddenly the oxen bounded

63

away through brush and pine saplings where followed in haste by the careless driver they both disappeared. This sudden denouement nearly convulsed me with laughter through the balance of the ride. "The boy has a sense of humor", the old man said when we got home. But I did not know what he meant. This old man must have been very eccentric. He delighted to attend auctions where he would buy the most useless articles if offered for less than their usual price. On one occasion he bid in a dozen hammers when offered for a few cents less than usual, and before the end of the week had given all away but one. But he could never see that his one hammer had cost him more than if purchased at the regular price from the hardware dealer. He was tall and whitehaired, with a pleasant smile on his cleanshaven face, and I daresay had many friends, for he looked upon life kindly and gently.

In the summer of 1865 sister Lucy was born. I was much pleased to have a little sister and brother Mack and I were carried in to see her. But what we thought of the matter beyond, or if we thought anything, I have no recollection. At this time brother Mack and I were much excited over the promise of a pony to each of us, " a bay and a black". John Johnson a purser in the navy had returned home with smallpox, and now recovering would stroll passed our place every pleasant afternoon. My brother and I perched upon the gateposts attracted his interest and soon he had promised each

64

of us a pony. In the course of time the ponies "were in the stable", "one a black the other a bay", while our expectation waxed high. But the ponies could not be delivered until the saddles were made, and Routon, the saddler, just wouldn't hurry. He had begged and scolded, but saddle makers were slow people. We could hardly sleep at night so eager and expectant were we. We talked of where we would ride, when and how often. Where we would stable our ponies, how we would mount with a swing and gallop off in immense clouds of dust, how people would stare and what they would say. See this and

much more we talked and dreamed of and talked again; but yet no ponies. We heard of them every day. One was a little lame perhaps or the other was growing very frisky. And yet we had not questioned. To do that would be supposing that Mr Johnson would “tell a story”, which would be too awfully wicked to think of a big man like him doing. But the weeks dragged by and we grew heart sick with expectancy. One excuse followed another. Finally I went to mother and declared that I did not believe “that Mr Johnson had any ponies at all, that he had been all the while fooling us”. This was my first acquaintance with deceit and it made a deep and painful impression upon me.

Just across the way from our house was the “old place” where my mother had spent her girlhood, and

65

where my grandfather and grandmother Duty yet lived – with Aunt Lucy, into whose hands the place had passed. She and Dump taught school. Aunt Sue, before her marriage, was with them at times, and at times Hattie Cousins. I remember aunt Lucy as a quiet women with a broad firm face. She must have been a woman of fine

character. At this time she was the head of the family in all things, caring for the old people and directing the young ones. It was my delight to get over there with Dump. She and my weaning nurse were the only people who ever gave the poor little timid nervous shrinking baby that I was any sympathy or consideration. My father and mother, in their inexperience, seemed to regard these baby weaknesses as faults which were to be punished or laughed out of me. He was a continual terror to me. My mother seemed indifferent. All others amused themselves by teasing me and playing upon my nervous fears. To get with “Dump”, to feel her arms about me, to hear sympathy for my little pains and tumbles, to know that cross voices and heartless don’t care laughter were away away, to have some one fondle me and love me – this was my happiness. Had I been held to the fire and scorched, or torn with pincers, the pain inflicted would not have been greater than I suffered in those days from threats and laughter. They did not know. One must have a store of sympathy to be in touch with a sensitive child.

66

Grandmother Duty at this time must have been nearly seventy years old. She was a very large fine looking old

woman and of strong character. Some of her people had been preachers and some fighters. I have heard that the fighting contingent, as their business took them about the country in that far off time when they were growing men, whenever they chanced to attend the public gatherings of the day never failed to take up the gauntlet sure to be thrown down before the day was done. For at that day it was customary in North Carolina whenever a crowd gathered for the athletic woodsmen to engage in feats of strength when business had been dispatched. Some champion of his neighborhood settlement would step out and declare himself the best man in the crowd. Then if the champion of some other settlement, or any chance stranger, had the temerity to question it, the matter was demonstrated then and there with much satisfaction to the spectators and great acclaim to the victor. At such times these kinsmen of mine never failed to accept the challenge, and they became known throughout the state for their feats of strength. I am not sure but that these same boys became afterwards the preachers. This fighting incident must have been about 1820. My grandmother certainly possessed both the religious and the fighting traits. Her

religious rearing had been of the strict puritanic sort that prevailed in North Carolina a

67

hundred years ago, and had not altogether yet disappeared. I remember her telling me when I was yet a little child that “a Christian should be solemn, for it was our awful thing to live!” which gruesome sentiment haunted me for days after like some dreadful shadow. And yet she was not of a melancholic cast, but was amiable, unless deeply stirred, and usually wore a smile. But I never knew her to indulge in levity. But notwithstanding this deep religious cast she would cherish if aroused most passionate resentment, and had she been a man would no doubt have settled the issue as would her fighting kinsmen. But this same spirit of fight and vindictiveness was gotten in honest descent from her father. The only thing which I ever heard of the old man, my great grandfather, George Harris, was an incident which grew out of the marriage of my grandmother, his daughter. My grandfather was then twenty one, and possessed only his sturdy hands and Fanny Harris’ heart. But the Harrises were well to do people. The old man said “No”. It was the same old story. Fourteen year old Fanny ran away and

married her twenty one year old Samuel. Did the old man forgive them and take the children back to his bosom? Not he! The next morning at family prayers, or perhaps that evening, for I fancy in those households prayers were morning and evening, anyway the old man prayed that these disobedient children, in this year 1809, should be punished by the Lord

68

for not doing the way he himself wanted; and that among other punishments that “Samuel Duty might never have a son to bear his name”. And he never did. His thirteen children were girls, as an inspection of the list on page 54 will confirm. It would be interesting to know how far back this fierce spirit of vindictiveness went. But this is as far back as any intimation of family traits has come to me. With the exception of this one trait my grandmother seems to have possessed a finely balanced character. I first recall her sitting over her basket of quilt scraps and telling me stories. One was about a slave girl who would run away. She had been caught on one occasion and confined in the very room in which we sat. But even then had escaped by letting herself down in some way from the window – it was second story. I thought this marvelous and daring.

My grandfather Duty at this time was an old man of seventy six. He was a short heavy frame man and very sturdy. I have often seen him join the laborers in the garden with a hoe and frequently he would take a twelve mile jaunt afoot. He was the most vigorous man for his years I have ever known. If he were not busy with some work or other he would pace the long piazza, to and fro, hundreds of times, head bowed over and jaws

69

working the tobacco he loved, while he thought thoughts that nobody ever learned. He was gruff to savageness with us children. We would run away from him. He had little to say to anyone unless giving expression to violent dislike. His character was a ridiculous mixture of the sturdy honest and violently eccentric. He was a bundle of notions; not transient whims but strong abiding characteristics. He had followed nearly every profession and trade at one time and another. He had been a merchant, a Baptist preacher (His credentials were withdrawn because he undertook to set the Baptist Church right in its theology), a carpenter or builder, a farmer, and finally a physician having taken the conventional “course” in Baltimore Md. Through all these mutations the sturdy

traits of honesty and industry with a certain hard native intelligence had been abiding. He had enjoyed a sufficiency all his life. Had raised in comfort a large family of daughters, and had educated such of them as would permit him so to do, far beyond the requirement of the rural neighborhood in which they moved. When my father, a young man, asked him for my mother – “Yes, you may have her if you want her, but you had better take Dump. She’ll suit you better!” he said. He was interested in clocks at this time and perpetual motions, and his room was ornamented with a variety of these last in various stages of incompleteness. His mind was active and must needs be working on something.

70

The school girls made a great pet of me when I went over to the old place, and their side of the playground was pleasanter to me than that where the boys played, for they teased me. We would rake up with our feet great piles of leaves and cuddle in them. This must have been in the warm winter days. In one side of the yard stood the old kitchen where the family negroes had their quarters and where the cooking was all done. This building had evidently been built before the introduction of the circular

saw, for all the timbers, and they were bare to sight within, had been hewed by hand, and the boarding had been whipped out with a hand saw. Here the dinner was “biled” in a huge pot which hung on a crane and swung around into the great stone fireplace. One day I was playing there. A line dangled from a pole resting loosely upon the joists and I was “hawing” and “geeing” this for a horse. The cook had set the pot of “greens” on the hearth to cool and a girl was ironing clothes near by. I backed against this pot and overturned with the boiling liquor. And there I lay scalded and helpless screaming for this woman to take me up. And she never moved. She was frightened to death, she afterwards said. Dump was teaching a class of girls in a little outroom near by and she ran to my screaming, lifted me up and loosened my hot clothes – and when there came off my skin came with them. Grandfather

71

came out at my screaming too, and then went in the house to tell them that I was scalded to death. And for weeks my life hung in the balance. The fat old Doctor would wobble up every day, and “Miss Emily”, a neighbor woman, would come in to dress my wounds. And then a cot was made for

me where through the long weeks of convalescence I lay upon my stomach and played with toys upon the floor.

Sometime before my father's marriage he had bought a home, as he has herein previously recounted, furnished and purchased a slave. Here he had moved in with his mother and half sister. My grandmother Hays was a little nervous woman who had been left a widow a few months before my father's birth. There was but little property left to her and him, and she was thrown upon her own resources at a time when the resources of a woman were very limited. It must have been a hard struggle for her to find bread. But somehow she raised my father to young manhood giving him such educational advantages as the rural community afforded. When yet a boy he entered a country store as clerk; a little later went to a law school on the Yadkin river; and then returning home entered at once upon what was considered a successful practice for that little community. For the first time in his life, probably, he had abundance for the simple needs of himself and mother. They moved into their own home, ate at their own table, served by their own slaves. My grandmother Hays was a small

nervous emotional creature whose whole life and thought was her son. She had struggled for him, fasted for him, toiled for him, schemed and planned that he might be educated and respectable and esteemed. And how he was all that she had hoped and dreamed. Life had changed from toil and anxiety to rapturous realization. She was a sprightly little woman with abundance of nervous energy that was all too liable to break out in little tempest of nervous emotion. And whether it was anger or jealousy or fondness it was indulged unrestrained. Her first husband, my grandfather, had died from a fall, her second had brought her no happiness, and now in this little haven of rest she seemed settled away to indulge the kindlier side of her nature through a peaceful old age. How she regarded my father's marriage I can only surmise. It was his happiness, it was doubtless hers. John had always been an obedient dutiful and affectionate son: his wife would doubtless be an obedient dutiful and affectionate daughter, she probably thought.

My father at this time was twenty four, my mother twenty two. They had always been sweethearts. Once when little children, I have heard her say, they were at a

neighbors children's party. The tactful elder was missing, and as they all sat primly around the wall speaking only in whispers, my father, a little boy, walked silently across the

73

room and gave her a flower. And they were sweethearts ever after. My father must have been a nervous timid boy – with a delicate body and abnormally active mind.

Shrinking from the companionship of boys, fond of his books and his pencil. His intimate companion a blind boy who played the flute. Had his lot fallen under a more propitious sky he had been reared to some branch of art. Just where this aesthetic taste and fondness for the pencil came into the family I cannot say. All I know of my grandfather Hays is that he would play the fiddle and dance at the same time. But my grandmother was very deft with her needle. She could fashion an idea or imitate anything in needlework. I have heard her say that my father begun to draw pictures almost as soon as he could walk. Only he knew then what the crooked lines meant. But the impulse was there, and his imagination filled those scrawling lines into the full proportion of dogs and horses and birds. I recall two sketches which hung in my grandmother's room framed in the pine pieces which had

once known mirrors. One of these “St George and the Dragon” the other a half watermelon showing a knife stuck into the red meat. These were boyish efforts, and rude enough, but betokening a facility and taste not to be expected in a country boy removed from every suggestive influence. As he grew older his pencil became sufficiently ready to sketch the portraits of acquaintances, and there the more serious affairs of life drifted him from its graceful

74

pleasures. The pencil ceased to work except at rare intervals. My father’s character was marked by painful sensitiveness due to excess of sensibilities, to forceful determination, and unflinching moral courage. He laid his plans thoughtfully and never swerved in pushing them to completion. Of refined tastes and feelings, of the highest sense of honor, and of spotless integrity, but he lacked boldness and self assertion when dealing with the world. Had his physical nature been the same texture as his moral nature every honor which men bestow might have been his. Big brawn, a comfortable round belly and bulldog fight, these were denied him, and rarely in the terrible struggle for existence does nature compensate for these. My mother’s character was all that my father lacked. The

Harris that had prayed for vengeance, and the fighting brothers were all her blood, and there was no weakness of character or of body to her father and mother. When a little girl she was so given to romping and climbing trees that she was called "Tom" "What will people think of you!" my grandmother exclaimed one day. "I do not care what people think!" was my mother's reply, for which she was promptly punished. She was cast in strong pattern, and faults and virtues were not insignificant.

And these two were married and moved into their own

75

home, and her love for him grew until it became the one controlling passion of her life. She loved him always, blindly, unquestioningly, jealously, insanely perhaps. She was emotional, but not of the tearful hysterical sort. It was emotion that came from strong feeling and prompted to strong action. There was nothing she would not have dared for these she loved, there was nothing she would not have done to those she hated.

The soldiers marched away and left us in our home. The cloud of war blew over. On January 1865 Aunt Lucy died at the old place. This was my first knowledge of

death. I recall so clearly her telling us goodbye; her parting words to me; the singing in the room, the prayer by the minister; the weeping of those about me. Then I see her again laid out white and still before the open window, the house silent, the room deserted, only Liza with Brother Mack and me looking at the dead and wondering. They buried her in the old family garden under the mimosa trees. The household was broken up. Aunt Susan had already married Professor Doub: Dump went off to teach school; Grandmother went to Raleigh with Aunt India Kinsey, while grandfather remained with us. Father bought the "old home place" and we moved over. It was a gala time for brother Mack and me. We were to have the great yard, the big oaks, the hickory nuts and cherries all for our own. We joyfully assisted in the moving. Brother Mack moved the dinner bell and I moved a certain small chair with a

round hole in the bottom. About this old place were all of my mother's childhood recollections. Grandfather had moved there when she was yet a young girl. She knew each tree by name, and every root and grass tuft had its

associations. The old original house had been built in the earlier part of the century, probably about 1827. It was then a story and half, built in the old time colonial way, but not “colonial style”, with one big room in front and two small rooms or “shed rooms” in the rear, and was painted red. I remember hearing Dr Paschall, an old man, say that when a boy he had hauled the lumber for the building of this house from his brother’s saw mill, and that as he walked barefooted behind the load one day the dragging timbers brushed a yellow jacket nest greatly to his discomfort. When the house was first built it must have stood in the woods; certainly it was far removed from the thickly built portion of the town. They built this little house and began to clean up the woods around it. Who “they” were I do not know, but later on a Mr Wortham, a wealthy gentleman of the county bought the place, by this time a prosperous farm settlement and erected what was considered at that day a pretentious three story mansion. Behind this big white house snuggled the little red house now a part of it. And this was the place which sometime in the forties became my grandfather’s home.

On the northward side now the woods had been cleared away and westward was the garden and field extending to a rambling country road. But beyond this the woods stood thick. My mother and her little friends hunted huckleberries there. At that time my grandfather was a practicing physician. The only incident I ever heard of him in this connection was, that riding a stubborn horse one day the beast came to a stand in the middle of the road and refused to budge a peg. Any other would have beaten the beast and sworn by turns. But my grandfather dismounted and walked home leaving the beast in the middle of the road. They say the horse came home in due time, with a very sheepish look presumably. And now this same old farm place became my father's home and mine.

The house, weatherstained and brown, stood upon a hill which rose gently from the street a hundred yards away. And all about were the oaks, grown mighty now, and the toothsome hickory nuts. There had once been a field between the grove and street, but this was now lawn, and all about the woods had given place to cultivated fields. The well, where hung the old oaken bucket, was cool and sparkling, uncontaminated, yet with too close

neighbors. And the garden grew the roses and myrtle which my grandmother had planted. This was the home of my childhood, and about it cling all the dreams of childhood all softened and idealized by this quarter of century

78

distance until I remember those first years as one long summer day. The great green yard, the noble old trees, this was my playhouse. Where the summer afternoons seemed endless, where everything was laded with the fragrance of mimosa bloom, where the dry fly rung his harsh notes continuously through the day and through the night the Katiedid reiterated her old time legend. There comes to me now from that far off day the call of the plowman in the field, the rustle of corn tassels, the odor of bloom, the whir of humming birds among the flowers and of Junebugs among the corn, the drowsy song of the negroes in the kitchen, the click of the gardeners hoe, the clamorous cry of hens and chickens, and yonder perched on the topmost twig of an apple tree a mockingbird swings himself into ecstasy as he carols to his mate.

I question if ever child enjoyed childhood more than I though my pleasures were different from all about me. To

creep off some rainy day to the dark old garret and lying there upon the floor with a streak of light upon the page to read of “Thumbling” or the “Magic Snuff Box”, books of fairy tale or “Arabian Nights”, where for hours my dreams were not interrupted by harsh demands from those of this material world or in the summer days to hide under the plumal trees in the garden and build castles and weave all the

79

vagaries of a child’s imagination, or perhaps with a pencil and colors to sketch, and tint old pictures. These were my pleasures. But I knew always that a morning’s hiding off with books or pencils would be surely followed by scolding and disagreeable task for the afternoon. My father had forgotten his youth and his childish tastes. To waste time in this manner was a crime. His troubles rested upon him. They were large, and his shoulders were not broad and strong. He worked hard and seemed always in an overwrought condition. He was ambitious for himself and for us, and the demands upon his small resources was a grinding load. Even as little children he thought that we should be suitably employed at work. To store wood, to cut grass, to feed the cows, to work the garden, it mattered

not what, so that it was work, and the more distasteful to us the better discipline. The sooner we learned that life was not a holiday the better for our future.

I was now seven and Brother Mack five. Every day mother would teach us an hour as we stood near her while she sewed and darned. We would read, learn our “tables” and memorize verses. The multiplication table towers like a great mountain above that horizon. I did not love to study, to drive my mind at any fixed work, my every thought was imaginative. To read, to sketch, to listen at marvelous tales, to dream away into a reverie clear away out of material things, this was fascination.

80

I cannot remember the time when I could not read or when I was not attempting to draw pictures. The first time I can recall a book was when I was about three years old. Then one day two little boys and I sat on a three legged bench in Dump’s schoolroom, read from one book and played that we were going to school. This was before Aunt Lucy had left the schoolroom, and she died after a protracted illness when I was four years old. This book was a primer of one syllables. My next book was Mother Goose, and others came fast then.

I recall a sketch I made about this time with charcoal upon the stiffly starched linen of my white pants. For like all country babies they had put me into pants as soon as I could walk. And not the tight comely panties of nowadays but broad baggy garments, starched, and ironed flat. And this was the only garment there, no stockings, no underwear. And I recall vigorously the discomfort of the stiffly starched ragged edges within, and the difficulty of walking in these widespreading boards. But they were useful for drawing purposes, and the charcoal sketch came out in fine contrast. My fingers seemed always possessed of an itching for a pencil, and the only moments of life when I have felt wholly content were those when with brush or pencil

81

I have been engaged in some rude effort at drawing. At such times I felt that there was nothing more of happiness for me to desire in life, but to draw better that I might express that something in me which was clamoring for expression. I saw then so keenly the beauty of the world around me. Not that my rude drawings caught these, but with the effort, however rudely, there came into my heart with hundredfold realization the perception of that subtle

something which no paper has ever held, that light which never was on sea or land. The riotous splendor of noonday, the play of sunlight and shadow, the waving and rustling of corn, the purple distance, the azure clouds piling in the west, the whole riotous splendor of summer noonday came to me with indescribable pleasure. These things intoxicated me. It was a rapturous dream, continually broken by the call to some prosaic task.

All my attempts at drawing were just what might have been expected from any child of similar age. The knowledge of sketching is not a natural gift, but comes with practice to any one of average intelligence, as the writing of correct English does. The taste which prompts to such effort is nature's gift. It is that within us which develops emotion, idealization, imagination, and acute sympathy with nature, and especially inanimate nature, which we call taste in some, and genius in the rare few. This is

the quality without which one may never be an artist, may never rise higher than an artisan. The germ must be born there, it cannot be supplied. While my facility with pencil

has always afforded pleasure I never cultivated the taste with seriousness. And wanting therefore the manual training of an artisan I have never possessed the power of expression necessary for an artist. And while I am an artist in all my tastes I am wanting the means of communication. I am a singer who never had a lyre.

Some years after moving to the old place Frank was born, 1867. It was my great delight to go off with his nurse and hear witch tales by the hour. Our credulity was just the stimulus which this negro girl wanted for her memory and imagination. In the windy March days we would find a sunny corner and half buried in leaves and covered by some carriage robe, would crack hickory nuts through the afternoon while she related with endless variation the legends heard about the pine torch of her own home hearthstone. Of ghosts, of witches, of ha'nts, of spirits, and most terrible of all, of bloodsucking vampires. Much of this she believed implicitly. It was the religion fed to her from babyhood. And her crude ideas of God were mixed with these in most

83

incongruous way. She was as ignorant as possible, and every thought was gross superstitious and sensuality. The

old man Wortham who had formerly owned our place had been harsh with his slaves. His spirit yet haunted the spot and at night, she declared, could be heard whipping his slaves, or possibly, hardly dared breathe, being whipped by them. And whenever I heard wails and moans coming from the old garret, that hospital of broken legged chairs and old furniture and cracked and missing windowpanes, it was not the wail and moan of the mad March wind but old man Wortham struggling with his slaves – or the ghosts of them. She had seen at night mysterious shadows moving about the lonely grove in the garden . Shadows which grew and waved their arms and shrunk away all silently and terribly. One night she had seen there, so near as to be almost touched, a man without a head.

And then there was the “KuKlux”. This was no imaginary monster, but a horror which had sprung up for the negro almost in a night. And it was a horror which combined all other horrors. If came from no one knew where. It was clothed in a long black robe and terribly masked. Sometimes a horse, sometimes a foot, rushing down in the nighttime and snatching away bodily the poor miscreant who would be found dangling in the wind the

next day from some remote tree limb. It was the devil and men in league with the devil.

84

How did men get in league with the Devil? Easy enough! Go to the cross roads on Friday night and call him three times and he would surely come. Then the bargain could be made. All the Devil wanted was your soul. You could get what you wanted from him in return. The Ku=Klux=Klan was men in league with the Devil, and the dread and horror pervaded the whole land. The negroes spoke with bated breath. It was a monster that did actually snatch one up and carry bodily away, and they clothed it with superstitious terror.

And then there was the wonderful “sperence meetin” which she reported from the church. And finally she herself fell into a trance, where she remained a couple of days and then had her own experience to relate. Her spirit had left the body when she fell into the trance and flew to hell. Hell was a great black cavern which she entered by a huge gate, and was miles and miles around. All about were the unfortunates burning in little fires and among others she recognized her own mother! When she had been there some time the Devil began to chase her with a

pack of hounds. She flew seven times around the cavern before she discovered the open gate which slammed behind her as she passed. She had escaped,

85

was safe, and now having “come through” was duly prepared for baptism and entry into the fellowship of those who were supposed to have the gentle Master for their exemplar. But I am sure her conduct was in nowise affected by this so called religious experience. All this food was eagerly devoured by our childish imagination.

Brother Mack’s life and mine were bounded by the great yard and garden, the little strip of field and thicket of woods which lay beyond. We were not allowed to wander at will with other boys of our own age. Our only comrade was a neighbor’s boy who came and went across the fence, and we were constant companions. Until I was grown my life felt the influence of this boy, and I am not sure that I have ever wholly shaken it off. He was older than I by three years, precocious, had traveled a little, was well acquainted with all small boy villainy, and to us seemed a prodigy of wisdom and strength and daring. He was a sly, lying, deceitful fellow, who thought it manly to do these things which had been forbidden, or which “women”

discountenanced. To creep about and rob a melon patch he thought great sport, while we thought it stealing and dishonorable. To steal eggs and flatly lie out of it he thought very smart. He abounded in mean contemptible tricks which he palmed off upon our simplicity as “knowing what was what” in the world. But outside of this streak of meanness he was a good playfellow.

86

As I recall now this lad's people I can see plainly how he could not have been other than he was. I do not marvel that it has always been a problem to say where man's moral responsibility begins and ends. My brother and I had been moral for generations back. It was impossible that lying, thieving and deceit should not have been abhorrent to us, and that we should not have refused to do the little meannesses which he delighted in. It was equally impossible that he should have possessed moral integrity. On his maternal side there was a streak of insanity. His grandfather years before had lain down before a shot gun and waited till the heat from the fire discharged the load into his head. His mother was given to states of nervous excitement, and later on died in the insane asylum. And the father, while a man of broad intelligence, and

possessing so much of that balance essential to a fine character was lacking on the moral side. But his moral delinquencies were not of the flagrant kind. No finger of scorn pointed at him. Few knew him guilty of his so little meannesses. The man who had previously owned the place where he lived had been a bricklayer, and with his own hands had built there a protecting covering for his daughter's grave. But he did not scruple to pull these bricks down

87

now that our outhouse required repair. The prevailing trait in this family was the small grasping after pennies, by fair means or foul. They would sell their souls for nickel, and I daresay the purchaser would have lost money. They sold milk to us their nearest neighbor, and then would borrow our kettles each washing day to save the purchase of the like. I wonder now that mother tolerated the imposition, year after year, as they borrowed every imaginable article of household service that she would lend. But she liked the people for their social disposition, and when she liked she would overlook many shortcomings. One sister was an imbecile who would fly into violent tantrums when crossed, and one day flung

herself in a passion from a window, which all but killed her. This was the family, and had one been asked what will the son be, the answer must readily have followed – precocious, passionate, willful, avaricious, mean, and deceitful. It was impossible that I should ever have become as morally depraved as this my playmate, but I question if the edge of my moral acuteness does not to this day feel the effects of that early association.

It would pass belief, if I did not know from experience its truth, that one small boy could so far gain influence over another. Stronger than teaching of father and mother, stronger than the influence of all the good that may be brought to bear, is the influence of

88

the big=little boy over the little=little boy. The big boy is his ideal, and not the martyrs who suffered some thousand years ago. It makes a very pretty story in books, people burning because they would not do wrong and all that; but for our everyday ideal, something which the small boy hopes and expects to attain, give him the boy who can drive a team standing up, or ride a galloping horse bareback, who smokes and swears, who wears his trousers in his boots and a pistol in his hip pocket. These are his

ideals. What they say and think of him is worth the approving smiles of a hundred grown people. "I tell you now that boy's comin'! Darned if he wont raise hell yet! Come on boy you can go swimming with us! We'll see you through!" Wasn't that worth a hundred pats on the head, and "nice-little-children-tell-your-ma-to-send-you-to-see-me-again!" The small boy thinks it so.

Among our heroes and ideals at this time was another larger boy who was the owner of a bull-calf. This was our cousin Charlie Jones. To ride behind "Ben" as he drew the bag of corn to mill was a great delight. I remember one summer day when the sun shone unusually hot, and we had doubtless been putting Ben through his paces,

89

that as we turned the crest of the hill toward to creek he broke into run, dashed into the middle of the waters and lay down. And there in spite of blows and pleadings he would lay hot and panting. Presently a big black negro came along. "Stop up his bref an he git up!" he suggested. It proved to be William, who knew us. "I know yo' muver", he said, "case she save my life last summer when I drop in the harvest field." For it seemed that having become heated in the harvest field he had drunk too freely of our

cool well water and fallen with cramps. Then mother ran out to him and poured whiskey down his throat, and doubtless saved his life. He thought so at any rate. So William intent on helping us sat down in the creek and thrusting a thumb and finger in each up the beast nostrils patiently waited till threatened asphyxiation should prompt him to move. But the little bull-calf took the whole proceeding as complacently as if asphyxiation was a daily occurrence. "Dis here steer abreevin fro his years!" exclaimed William. But at length Ben discovered that his wind was getting uncomfortably short, and rising deliberately was ready to proceed.

The mill which Ben finally approached after many windings through the woods was the ideal mill with water tumbling over a great wheel. It stood near the creek under a big hill and the deep woods lifted

90

all around it. The splash ! splash ! splash ! of the water upon the wheel, the roar of the creek over the rocks, all comes to me yet. And I can see the dusty miller standing in the doorway watching our approach. Ben paused at the end of the bogy track panting to be relieved of his load, while the miller trundled out his little wheeled car, and

presently the corn was weighed and poured into the hopper above those fearful whirling stones. And then while the grist was grinding, and Ben panting unyoked in the shade, we explored the recesses of the woods around. The ferny banks of the creek, the foaming water, the darting dragonfly, the swinging nest and excited oriole, all seemed possessed of some mysterious charm in the deep shadow of the wood. Presently we stood at the spout within the mill and tasted the meal pouring hot from the stones. It was sweet to hungry mouths. The bag of meal made a soft seat on the homeward journey. And this return was usually by the short route which wound up hill and down dale with a single thought for directness. But this roughness of road and fancied danger lent something of zest to the journey. Charlie would “haw” and “gee” as Ben cautiously straddled gullies and tipped the wobbling wheels along the hillside, and the

91

patient little beast always responded promptly to his master’s guidance. “It takes a man to handle Ben!” he would say to our request to hold the reins. “A strange touch on them reins and Ben would run away and tear the earth to pieces!” And Ben could carry as well as draw.

Charlie would mount with a bag for a saddle and trot off in clouds of dust. “Mighty few horses can trot like Ben!” he was wont to say. Charlie was not fond of his books and one day my mother remonstrated with him. “Books don’t help me drive my steer cart any better!” he said. “And if you expect to drive a steer cart all your life you do not need books!” was her reply. He was satisfied with his steer cart, never desired or aspired to anything better, and is today, I daresay, driving a steer cart with one steer. Charlie’s mother was ambitious for him, as mine was for me, tho’ perhaps not so forcibly so. But the paternal blood in him bound him down to earth. Pictures and music and books never entered into his life, nor could they have had any charm for him if they had been forced upon him. The plow and the cornfield, the axe and the cordwood were his, and with them no touch of that divine light which may throw a splendor over the meanest commonplace of life. It was his misfortune that his mother made not a wiser selection of his father. And this mistake of a moment a lifetime could not remedy.

I believe that the divine spark is derived always from the mother, but there must be a sturdy force behind it from

the father. I have often wondered at this quality which in some men of lowly life and limited horizon seems to illuminate as with a divine light all which they touch. We call it magnetism in some, genius in a few. But it is that quality which draws men to a man with a feeling nigh akin to love. It is pleasure to be in the company of such and pleasure to remember them when away. And yet men may possess all the social qualities which come with brains and education and kindly character and lack this of which I speak. Is this some abstruse quality or a combination fortunate of well known characteristics? It seems to me that the first requisite of this quality is intense vitality which gives intelligent enthusiasm, A capacity for the keen pleasure of living, in tasting all of life that is material, but idealized by reverence and a consciousness of the beautiful. Such a one sees all the dreary greys of life illuminated with warmth and color, and perceives instinctively the everlasting fitness of things. Such a one is sympathetic. He understands intuitively. And with him you unbosom yourself as never before. His heart is tuned to every chord of like and opens warmly and

humanly, responsive in its wide compass to every note that life sounds. Are you in trouble? - here are tears. Do you love? I too have loved - I can tell you more of love than you know. I can draw that which you have dimly felt but not yet defined. Are you moved by the storm? - let me tell you how grand it is. Is it the sunset? - I will paint its colors. If a child cries, there is sympathy; if a bird flutters with a broken wing there is tenderness; and if the depth of starry sky opens overhead there is feeling so deep that he will not offer to put it in words. Such a heart is so keenly alive to life that its very sorrows are joys in the intense realization that it is life. An ideal man is brave generous kind truthful reverent and wise. But there is something yet not included here; it is the enthusiasm springing from great vitality. Men love life, and long to taste it, to realize it, and to shake off that haunting feeling that we are only ghosts in a world of dreams. And those of us who want this great vitality rush to them who have, and cling there, as if we would warm our icy lives in the spark of fire which they have brought down from heaven. Mother possessed this, but not fully developed. It is a godgiven spark which men hunger for. Could she have had an intelligence a little

broad and better balanced she would have grown an ideal character. But unfortunately impulses

94

and a narrow environment distorted the mould that was none the less fine and almost great.

It was rare we left the premises even on these cart rides. The yard, the garden, the field, the little strip of “woods” which was but dense undergrowth and saplings, was world enough. All that we desired was to be allowed to enjoy our domain uninterrupted. In the garden were fruit trees, and fig bushes; in the field were blackberries, springs of water, crawfish and killdeer: and in the woods were bears lions and dragons, besides birdnest and rabbit paths. The bears and lions we hunted with cornstalk guns and did deeds of terrible valor, but the rabbits were caught in boxes.

It is hard to understand now wherein lay the excitement of this form of sport: why I should have been in a fever of expectation, why I should have left my snug bed at daylight on a frosty morning to tramp away to examine traps, why my heart should have fluttered with excitement when some trap was seen “down”. But the door which was oftenest down was not ours but that of our much-knowing

playmate. Mother was wont to comment upon this fact, but then I never questioned that it was not an accident, or that he knew better how to fix his traps. But now I

95

doubt not that before we went in company on our morning's round he had already visited the traps and transferred the game to his own, a mean little trick which he thought smart, and rated us as little fools for not suspecting his tricks. It was not that we were fools, unless ignorance of such methods indicated folly, but we could not have believed that anyone would have been guilty of such contemptible meanness. But now and then, either because he neglected to make his previous visit to the traps, or by some sudden impulse of generosity, the game would be found in our trap. Then to take the little fellow out, see him plunge and scream, the sharp painful scream of a frightened hare! It was rare sport! A blow of the hand behind the ears, a convulsive plunge, and the little thing's life was gone. It never occurred to us what life was, how rare and precious to each it seemed. That it was the only life in the two eternities which each little creature had and that we were terribly robbing it of its all. Cruelty seems innate. Surely we came from bloodloving savages and

ferocious brutes. Why else is there that cruelty to children, to little girls less than boys, but to all boys. Sometimes in the rabbit box would be found a 'possum. Then was great excitement, for 'possum was game which commanded a price in the market. But one does not thrust one's hand into a box containing possum knowingly. A possum's teeth are sharp and long

96

and he does not hesitate to use them. Then with much turning and twisting was the possum's long smooth tail gotten without the box and inserted in a split stick, his teeth meanwhile within. It was a triumphal march homeward now, with whoops and hurrahs, the possum clinging painfully to the stick which so painfully clung to his tail.

In this field we dug and builded, and out of the sand reared "Wiggletown". This Wiggletown became a far more real town to us than New York or any other York. It had streets and alleys, great houses and little houses. Each one of these three master builders reared imaginary palaces and peopled them with imaginary Smiths and Browns. Here we were unmolested, and the livelong day enjoyed the air the sunshine and our own imaginations.

Behind this field and little strip of wood was a public road, a great thoroughfare in those days. It was great sport to lay hid within the brush and sting the passing mules and men with shot from our rubber “beanshooters” - The sudden exclamation, the plunge and kick of mules, would almost convulse us with merriment. It was the unexpectedness and mystery of the assault to them, and their various surmises as to its source, which never were correct,

97

which so amused us. I wonder that someone did not catch us and spank us soundly: but none ever suspected as they looked about for the source of the sudden sting, that three little urchins were rolling in the bushes a hundred feet away almost suffocated with laughter.

Among the roots of an old tree in this field the rainwater had excavated a mysterious sort of hole, too dark and deep for our fathoming. This was the “den” of a wildcat, or lion or tiger, we were never sure which. But at times some unaccounted noise in the neighborhood would indicate that the wild cat was abroad, and then we would stampede terror stricken to our own homes, and not venture there for a day again.

West of us, some half mile away, the horizon was bounded by a great pine wood. The Pacific Ocean was in the west I had been told, and I fancied that just beyond that body of pines stretched the sea, and from the top of one of those veritable trees the clambering DeSoto had first rested his eyes upon the western water. Existence was bounded to me by that little horizon, and all that had ever been done had been done therein. And to this day, tho' the line of dark pines had moved so far away, I am reminded always when I look thither that beyond there somewhere lies the still vast shimmering sea.

98

It was about this time that "Josh" became a member of the family, so to speak. For besides the women or girls who were employed to do household work there was need at intervals for a man. Sometimes it was gardening, sometimes woodcutting, or perhaps the unexpected, which on a large piece is so constantly occurring. Our original help had been two slaves, a man and a woman. This man was grandfather Duty's present to mother at her wedding. He died before he ever knew freedom. The woman had been married to a neighbor's man, and she and her little four year old girl were with us when the news came from

Appomattox. All that I can remember of this event was my distress when told that Liza was going away. For Lincoln's proclamation of freedom had already been published and now everyone realized that with the loss of Lee's army the war was ended. The great struggle was done, the South had lost, the emancipation was a fact. They told Liza that she was free and could go where she pleased. I remember nothing of this, only that Liza my dear "black mammy" was going away. "When will she come back?" I asked. "She will never come back!" I was told, and I was much distressed. I well recall Liza's excitement and the haste she made

99

to gather up her little bundle of effects, and taking her baby by the hand, without a farewell, or thought of the home which had been so long hers, hurried off almost in a run, as fearful lest the boon of freedom, long dreamed of, long deferred, might yet be recalled. (I have since learned that Liza did not leave till six months after freedom had come to her. But I still remember her leave-taking. She died 1911) I watched them with tearful eyes pass down the yard, out of the gate, and away, little realizing what a mighty struggle there ended, and that a new era in history

had began. Nor did they realize what “freedom” meant. The home, the shelter, the table, which had been their’s equally with us, had suddenly been taken from them, and instead was given the liberty to go where they pleased and to idle when they pleased. They who had so long known the taskmaster might now wander to the ends of the earth unmindful of the overseer. That they must yet earn bread by their toil did not occur to them. They were free, and life was to be one long holiday. These two whom I had known, and five millions like them, were that day for the first time uncontrolled. They were wild. Their one controlling balance wheel had been the overseer. This gone the social machinery flew all to pieces. If the overseer was impotent what else was there to fear! And without fear there was no restraint. They begun to wander restlessly about. They must live, they must eat, and not yet had they learned that they must toil.

100

All manner of petty depredations occurred, and daily was there the ferocious outbreak of some prowler rioting his brutal instincts upon some defenceless woman. They were free! It was thus they tasted freedom. The overseer

could no longer lay the lash on, Who then was to say no!
They rioted.

Almost in a night the “Ku=Klux=Klan” sprung up. Men found that they must organize to protect their firesides. The slow working law of the land was as impotent to deal with these brutes as it would have been with man-eating tigers. Ah, how these tigers feasted for a time on hot live blood! All that they could lay hands on was theirs. Every unprotected female was prey. No longer the iron bars of the cage were about them. They plunged wildly into the jungle, they stole about in the darkness, they lay in wait along the highways where they might spring upon the unsuspecting and gorge their brutal passions. This to them was freedom. Law? The law had been the overseers, and there was not longer any law. Sheriff? What does the man eating tiger care for sheriff’s warrants! Catch him! Hold him! Find a jury, try him, condemn him maybe, by his own peers! And day after day through all this tedious while would women be outraged until

men could not lay their shotguns down or leave wife or daughter a moment unprotected. The man eating tigers were testing freedom, and the woods were full of them.

In a little Tennessee town men organized to protect their homes and to deal summarily with these prowlers. If there was no longer an overseer they must be taught that yet there was something to be feared. Such was the need for this organization that within a few months after this score of men had assumed their fanciful name the Ku=Klux=Klan covered the entire South with its autocratic organization. The men who had lately yielded obedience to captains and colonels and generals fell readily into ranks again. But this time the ranks were unseen, and the orders obeyed so implicitly came from officers unknown. And the movements of the Ku Klux army was silent, and in the darkness always. They came from none knew where. They disappeared and none knew whither.

Clothed in long black robes, riding horses that were covered with black, this silent company would sweep down in the night, catch up some miscreant and whisk him away. Perhaps he would be found dangling to a tree

whirling stiffly in the morning breeze, perhaps he would never be heard of more.

102

It was the first lesson that these people had, a scorching terrible lesson, that freedom did not mean license. And if such conduct on the part of whites may seem excess of lawlessness, reflection will show that it was the same sort of lawlessness which threw the tea overboard in Boston harbor, and fired on the troops at Lexington. What our forefathers considered the inherent rights of men were being here assailed and threatened with destruction. The fabric of southern social life had been shaken almost to ruin by the results of emancipation. Three millions of half wild Africans had been given citizenship, and as many white men disfranchised. The whole government, town, country and state, was in the hands of men who a few months before had been toiling slaves. Men who not only did not possess the capacity for large affairs, but who lacked even ordinary intelligence. Ignorant to brutishness, with no sense of moral restraint, or pride of obligation, who could neither read nor write, who knew not even the traditions of order, such were the savages who now filled the high places. The social fabric

was overturned. The intelligence, the wealth, the culture, was in the dust, and black Africans were rioting on

103

top. Then adventurers flocked in. The spoils of politics drew them like buzzards to carrion. These were men who had wit enough to make dupes of the witless blacks but equally devoid of moral obligation. They swarmed from the political slums of the North, and joined by a few renegade whites in the South entered upon their wild political orgy. And the men among us who were now disfranchised had been, and should now have been, our leaders. Those who by high birth and education were the leaders of our people now had no voice in affairs.

Nowhere ever was there a more aristocratic class than existed in the South before the war. They were men who were aristocrats by all that does truly and intrinsically make one man superior to another. Wealth, intelligence, chivalrous courage, courtly gentle bearing, and a consciousness of that superiority which comes from being born from generations of those possessing all of these. Such were the qualities which marked our people. And these now were denied the very claim of citizenship in their own land, and every instinct outraged by the

elevation into the throne of the lawmaking power of the black savage whom he had been wont to send to punishment for laziness and petty thieving. But it was by no means the gratification of vindictiveness which prompted the organization of the Ku Klux Klan.

104

The peaceful and unoffending had never any cause to fear. The white people acted in self defense. Existence under the prevailing order of things was intolerable. And they acted with such severe decision that the lesson was never forgotten by the blacks.

After a few weeks of freedom the slaves which had been attached to the household began to face homeward again hungry and footsore. One by one they came in like chickens to the roost. After a few months the old house slaves were duly installed in their old places, and with little apparent change picked up the threads of life so suddenly and so wildly thrown down. They had found that the new world of freedom held no friends for them like the friends of olden time. The big fat cook went back to the kitchen with her halfdozen picanninies and set in with a general cleaning up. And often such coming back was unannounced and unwarranted by anything. The weary

whitehanded woman in the “gre’t house”, worn with unaccustomed toil, had lain down at night bewailing the empty quarters. Coachman and gardner gone! Cook gone! Nurse and homegirl gone! There were children to watch and tend, mouths to fill, cows to milk. The night is full of troubled dreams, and as day comes she lies

105

restless summoning courage to begin the long toil. Presently the door opens a crack, an ebony face is thrust in, “Missus break’us is ready”. That was all. And with what rejoicing was old mammy welcomed back into the nursery! And how sweet came sleep again when rocked in those great arms! Perhaps she explained that she was “feared nobody would look after her chilluns” and back she had come to get them into their little gowns and rock them to sleep with lullabyes of many colored horses. And Uncle Pete “membered dat old pasley wasn’t wucked out.” And picked up the hoe where it had been flung down in the middle of the row. And the first intimation of his return was the click of his industrious hoe. But the great mass of the newly liberated host became shiftless tenants upon some patch of that great estate where they had worked under intelligent and forceful direction.

There was a strong bond between the old slave and his master which the proclamation of freedom did not loose. There was kindly interest on the one part, and affectionate regard on the other. It was a case of guardian and ward. Throughout the greater part of the South slavery existed in a very mild form. The cruelty which the abolitionist delighted to picture was extremely rare, as rare as it is today under freedom. The sentiment of a community would not permit such. In many parts

106

of the South slavery was being abolished by the gradual freeing of slaves by kindly masters. And in the course of time it would have passed away as silently as fog in the morning sun, as did the English slavery of feudal times. The aristocrats of the South regarded slavery as an evil which had fallen upon them and which they had to deal with as wisely as they could. And none knew the solution of the problem better than they, or the chaos which would surely follow over hasty action. It will be an interesting problem for some future historian to trace the heterogeneous mingling of two such diverse races. For never were two people thrown together with such antipathies as the brutish African slave and his aristocratic

master. My own prognosis is, that as the negro advances in culture and wealth this antipathy will disappear and amalgamation will follow. Complete amalgamation will doubtless require many centuries, but in one century or two, it will have advanced far enough for natural selection to proceed unrestrained by legislation or prohibitive public sentiment. A few years ago the whole nation, North as well as South, shuddered with disgust when Fred Douglas the foremost living negro, and the peer of any man in intellect, married a white woman, a clerk of some culture in a Washington

107

department office. I saw them together once afterwards, and she seemed crushed out of countenance by the storm of loathing which such marriage had elicited. But in another hundred years white women will marry negroes without especial comment: and in two hundred years the color line will have wholly disappeared. This is not a pleasant probability to contemplate. It will mean the lowering of the national type by the dilution of Anglo Saxon blood.

My mammy Liza did not come back. Her husband had lived always upon a different place. He found him a

new home and she made her home with him. But often she would come to see me, and I can remember with what delight I would run to kiss her black face, and what pleasure it was to be taken in her great strong arms again. And then I would promise that when I grew to be a big man I would give her a fine silk dress, which always delighted her much.

And lest all that I have written here of the utter lawlessness of the freed slaves and the affectionate regard existing, should seem incongruous and contradictory, I should remind those who may chance to read this that there were as many kinds of negro as today there all kinds of white man, There was good and bad, the faithful and affectionate, the criminal & lawless.

108

The first “hired help” which came to us under the new order of things was a yellow fellow who belonged to that class known as “issue free”. From time to time as some old master had died the slaves endeared to him by lifelong faithfulness had been given their freedom and settled upon some little tract of land which was to be theirs forever. They had been a much scorned element; for after a few generations of idleness ignorance and vice they seemed to

degenerate and finally “peter out”. But they had become accustomed to freedom, and now gladly availed themselves of the new opportunity of working for wages. William was the first of our “hired help”. He was nearly white, but unlike most of his kind had not physically deteriorated. He was a big fellow with a voracious appetite. His plate generally came back for more, for his dinner was sent out to him upon a separate plate. “A little more meat mistis, please mum, De ‘lasses is good, but when I cuts wood it don’t stand by me!” is what I can remember his saying. He was the owner of a lean white horse which came in sometimes to do the garden plowing and at other times plowed his own little strip of farm some three miles away in the scrub thickets.

From this same little farm his father, or grandfather it may have been, was wont to drive each day his cart and little bull calf to his stand

109

at the big steps which flanked the courthouse door as convenient passage ways over the fence and into the yard from the street. Here against the warm wall in winter and under the shade of a tree in summer he vended penny gingerbread. For many years, longer than I could

remember, this old freedman had enjoyed his harmless placid uneventful existence. Rain or since he drove the little bull calf and two wheeled cart into town, displayed his wares, exchanged an amiable word with every passing acquaintance, pocketed his pennies and drove home again. Never had I failed to see “old Uncle Jerry Anderson” upon these steps when I passed. It did not seem possible, if such an improbable thing had occurred to me, that those steps could have continued to exist without him. What a sensation it was when William informed us one day that old uncle Jerry had sold steer, cart, and cake=box and gone to Ohio. What induced the old man to leave his life long friends and quiet life to go in his old age away new people into a new country I never learned. But only a little time had passed when news came that the old man had fallen from a bridge somewhere, somehow, and was drowned. Though such a little fellow then I recall the indefinite idea that came to me that this violent end was a specific punishment, from some power or other, for leaving his quiet life, the bull calf and the courthouse steps.

Tho' just why he should have been so punished was never quite clear to me. I do not know what freak of Fate snatched William away. Perhaps he too went to Ohio. At any rate he passed off our stage.

William's contemporary in the kitchen was "Lettie", who was cook, and in a measure house servant too. She was big and black and regular as a clock. And as she was kind to us children and mindful of the wishes of father and mother she in time grew to be a member of the household. I can see her face now as it would be thrust in the halfopen doorway in the early morning, a black and shining ball. "Miss Hays, break'us ready!" was the unvarying announcement. She lived in the big outhouse, which had been the old time kitchen, she and her little children and there it was my delight to go at night any by the flickering light of the great open hearth to hear her tell of the life which she had known, and the people whom she had served. She had few associates, and so my visits, then a little ten year old, were welcome to her and always set her tongue awagging. At intervals her one friend and crony would call and always with a basket on her arm. The old yellow woman was tall and lean and wiry, with eyes that

seemed always restlessly and nervously moving like those of some wild animal caged. She was intelligent but like all negroes

111

her intelligence led only to greater villainaries. I have heard my elders say that she could steal the molasses out of a ginger cake. The only friction which came with Lettie to mother was about this woman. Mother always jealous of any division of interest, and suspicious where her own interests were involved, was in endless remonstrance. If old Minervy came upon the lot with a basket she must needs know what she brought therein and what she carried away. Some of Lettie's children were in her keeping and this was always the explanation of her coming. "She is making a fool of you!" mother would say. "She was a friend when I came to this town without friends, and is a true friend now," was always Lettie's reply. And she may have been right. There was a laudable devotion on the part of the black woman for the old yellow woman, who all through those years cared for the little piccaninnies which were not her own far beyond the limit which the little monthly pittance from Lettie's wages might have prompted. Human nature is made of so many strands, all

woven so intricately, or tangled so confusedly, that the most unexplainable pattern often times result. The human heart is a many stringed instrument of marvelous compass and when swept by the hand of passion may produce every note of harmony and discord. In the weak the chords are merely fingered without energy without results. But in strong character when the hand of

112

deep feeling falls, good or bad, the instrument does give forth sound. And in this every character there are those few simple notes, the theme, controlling the whole symphony, in the wild and grand, in the low and tender, through every change the theme is there, undetected by the casual listener but known to the master of the human heart. And this mastery of the human heart is rare. The many of us know those around us only as some cardboard figures clothed and prompted through some well learned movements by the power which holds the strings. How rare is that power of imagination and intelligence and sympathy which can project one's self into that identical place occupied by another's personality and scan the horizon of life from their point of view. This we call genius.

In my mother's character, her whom I knew best of all, the "theme" was intense vitality and enthusiasm, the love of life and all that made up life. This produced both selfishness and generosity. Her children, her servants, her church, her home, all must be let alone. What was said or done there was hers, gossip must keep out, hand severely off. We were allowed few associates and she did not scruple to let undesirable boys know that they were not wanted. And so the fewer associates her servants

113

had the fonder she was of them. They were hers; a part of her home and her life, and she wanted them undividedly. But these same characteristics produced strong social qualities. The friends she had she loved unboundedly. And all who knew her were her friends but those who had unwittingly ventured upon forbidden ground, or been forced by circumstances into unpleasant relations. How often have I seen her eyes fill at the troubles that were not her own. Where sickness or death was, she was there. Was it a social gathering she was the life of the evening. Indeed her greatest pleasure was to be at the head of our long table crowded with father's guests or ours. Everyone found with her sympathy for that which was nearest his

heart. The young girls made her their confidante, the young men bespoke her good offices, the greyhaired preachers and lawyers found in her an intelligent listener and questioner. She was keenly alive to every emotion of life, so that her very intelligence seemed to come from this close sympathy with all that lived and moved and felt. When black William fell in the harvest field she ran out without a thought of “how it might look”, or “what people would say”, lifted his black wooly head on his arm and poured whiskey down him till she brought life back. And when the woodcutter, Newton, split his own foot the same impulse made her tear his stocking off and bind the wound with little thought of the blood on her own white hands.

114

She could so throw herself into the personality of others as to catch every little trick of manner and voice. And rarely after our evening's calling did we fail to have a series of impersonations that would set us capering and screaming with merriment and even melt Father's gravity into smile and chuckles. Old Mrs. Hart, the mother of the one legged fiddling soldier, had long since given up her home. Mr. Henry, my gingerbread friend, was dead, and the one legged soldier had disappeared from my stage.

The old man had ceased farming and become a hardshell baptist preacher. The daughter was married and the farm had become the son in law's. But with all these changes the old lady clung yet like some disembodied ghost to the places which she had known. Now and then she would spend an afternoon with mother, the daughter of her oldtime friend, when she would bewail the changes which had fallen, and the world going to the bad generally. And as she talked her eyes would rove about the room, noting every crack and speck of dust, every tear and seam and scratch, while she talked and talked, an endless stream: -

“That times wer'n't like they 'uster was, with niggers set free and masters dead and dying, and no new niggers or anything coming on to do the work, as was bound to be done, someway, somehow,

115

but goodness knows she couldn't tell, as she says to aleck and all the young ones as think they knows as much as old folks as has lived twice as long, and that they can work niggers without no overseer and cowhide to make 'em move an' do the work they's been doing since the world began, an' like I've seed 'em these sixty year an' more, and like I didn't know what nigger is, when I seen farm work

year in year out with my ole man, as was the best farmer in all this kentry in his day, with him amanaging in the field and me a=managing in the smoke house, and garden, and altogether could jest keep 'em at work, but somehow we did keep 'em at work, and the fields was plowed as fields oughter be plowed, and the barns was full of corn and the pens were full of pigs and the smokehouse never got out o' meat and the garden was worked and had something to eat besides store meat and bought flour, and the fences were kept up, and neighbors cows and pigs never got in and our's never got out, and the niggers was well kept, and now everything seems like it was going to the dogs, and the old man he say he's glad he's outen it all an' it's easier saving souls now than saving fodder.

And so through the afternoon would the old lady's tongue way about the times that had been her life, now gone, and upon the new times in which her old

116

age had fallen and in which she felt so sadly out of place. All of this mother was wont to rehearse for our amusement when she was gone, all mimicked in her peculiar tone and gesture.

And now when I recall these far off days they float to me like a dream, a beautiful dream, before a single stern reality had forced her to acknowledge the dreadful cruelty of life. Her little children were with her then, and life and hope, and all the fearful future veiled. It was a day of tender grace which will never come to her or me again.

Sometimes Mrs “Doctor” Paschall would come in. She always reminded me of a great hulk of a ship moving under slow sail. She would put one foot down, then seem to pause for a moment until her great fat body got firmly settled there before the other foot was taken up. So she walked and so she talked. She was one of our much borrowing neighbors. It was her father who had taken his own life, and it was she who was subject to fits of wildness. But she seemed anything but a nervous subject with her great bulk and slow deliberate movements. She had no small amount of shrewd observation and commonsense. Mother was fond of her and she of mother. “The bottom rail is on top!” she exclaimed one day as a handsome carriage of dashing boys whirled by with a pair of coarse red featured

women. “An overseer’s daughter and a nigger trader’s wife!” They ride by me on the street with their noses in the air, and red ribbons flying, and musk enough to knock one down! I’m going to hire a carriage and ride up and down the street all day long just to show ‘em that I can ride if I want to!” and her fat sides shook with a silent inward laugh.

Or perhaps she would be accompanied some evening by her husband the Doctor. The Doctor was at this time about fifty years old, an old man it seemed to me then, but a robust and fine looking fellow. He was the most intelligent man whom I recall in my young days, and but for the moral deficiency before referred to would have been a fine wellbalanced character. I never knew him well enough to say what the mainspring of his actions might be but I fancy it was close akin to fear of want. It was a sort of penuriousness which was not a miserly hoarding. For he and his family always dressed well and lived well, and when he died there was little to show for a very successful practice. And yet with his fine intelligence and just knowledge of what was straight and honorable among men he would avail himself of every opportunity to overreach in

the pettiest transactions with his neighbor's. But his social instincts were large and it was a pleasure always to hear him discuss men and things in his large broad way.

118

His wife's mother, the old woman who was wife to him who blew his head off, had a bad case of the medicine habit. She was under his treatment all the time. "I have given her my hat full of bread pills" I once heard him say. When one lot began to lose efficiency he would change the color or the taste and her health would at once respond favorably. But year after year the little pellets of bread was her only physic, and when finally she died I daresay his bill was rendered for every pill he had rolled with interest for twenty years. But all of us were fond of them for their fine social qualities. Besides these two old people, and Charlie our playmate, there were three sisters of his, one half crazy, one very ugly, a regular witch in looks, and one remarkably handsome. This beautiful girl was of most voluptuous build, and the lacking moral balance which was observable in other members of the family developed disastrously for her. Her father lacked moral balance, desired money, and got money by fair means or foul. She had other desires than money, lacked moral balance, and

gratified these when occasion offered. One day her cousin, a harum scarum boy of eighteen ran away, went to California and never came back. It was not till years after, when this fifteen year old girl had grown to womanhood, married, and with her children died, her

119

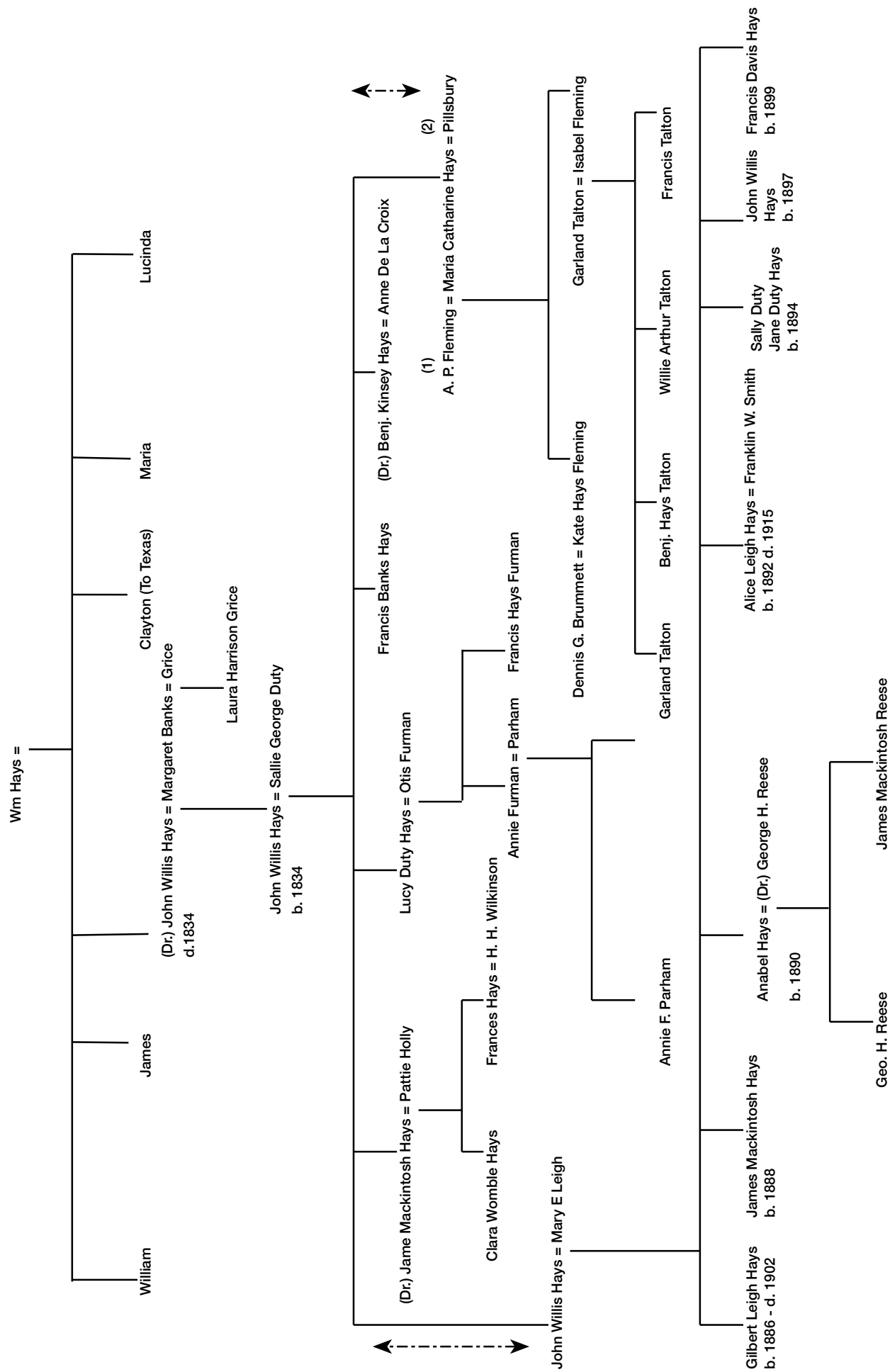
brother and sisters scattered, her father and mother dead, that my father told me that this boy had run away because the girl's father was hunting for him with a shot gun. This family trouble my father and mother helped them to cover up. The girls disgrace was never published. In time she married decently and counted good people among her friends.

Finally after years of hard work the old Doctor fell sick and took his bed. We went one day, the last I ever saw him, to call, father mother and I. His hair and long beard were white as the pillow, and his face was pale. But he was comfortable and chatted pleasantly. "I will never get up", he said. "I know what the matter is, Riding and old age have done it." When mother said goodbye the tears came into her eyes and she leaned down and kissed him on the forehead. I never saw him again. And now that he was dead the family went to pieces like a barrel which had lost

its hoops. The crazy daughter at once went to the asylum and was shortly followed by her mother. The other two daughters married and one died after a little. And our old comrade Charlie rapidly went from bad to worse, finally married a woman of the town in a drunken revel, and is today a common tramp upon the highways. The home of these went to strangers. The little things which had made it home were spread upon the grass and scattered by the auctioneer's

120

hammer. The table which they had gathered about so often, the old man's easy chair, the rug which had made his room so comfortable, his books, his horse, his cow, all which had made this spot a home and centered the heart beats of these people for so long was spread to the idly curious upon the grass and scattered by the auctioneer's hammer. The tearing to pieces of this home affected me like the torture of a living thing. It and they were wiped out like pictures that had been traced in the sand. And so off the stage passed these who had for so long been *dramatis personae* in my little life drama. The curtain fell. The places which knew them knew them no more. And all of this is today but as the dream of things which never were.

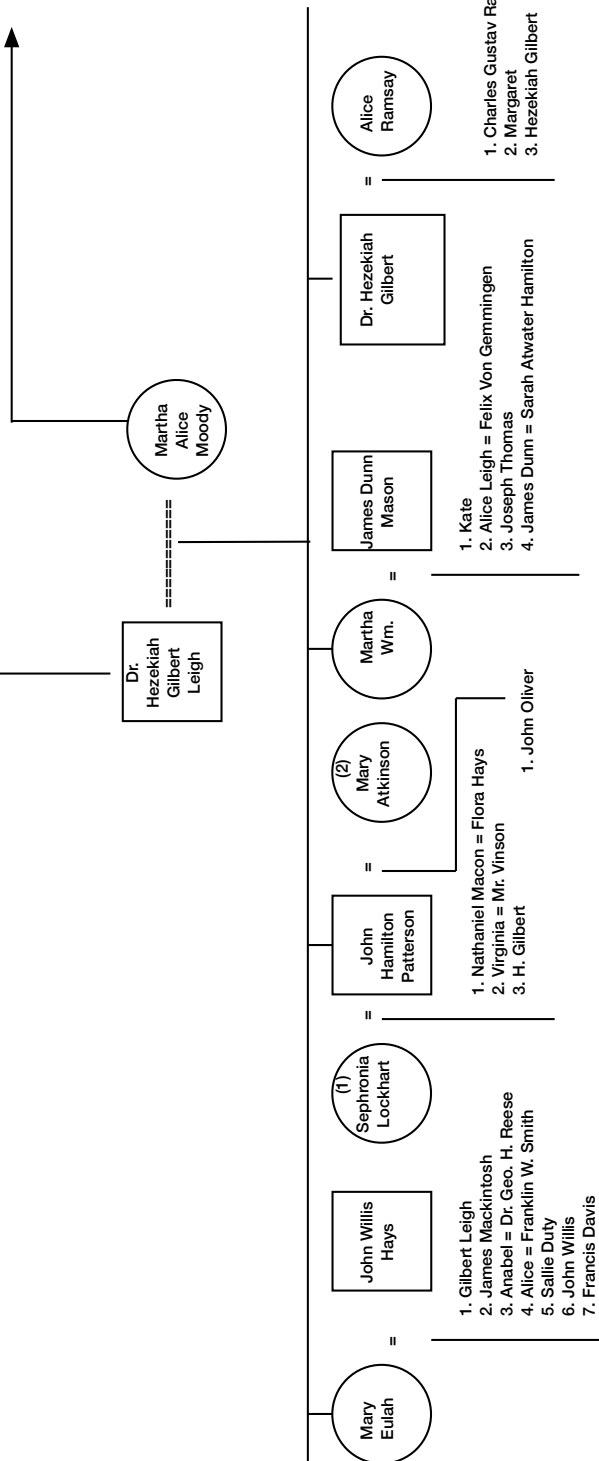


The chart illustrates the following relationships:

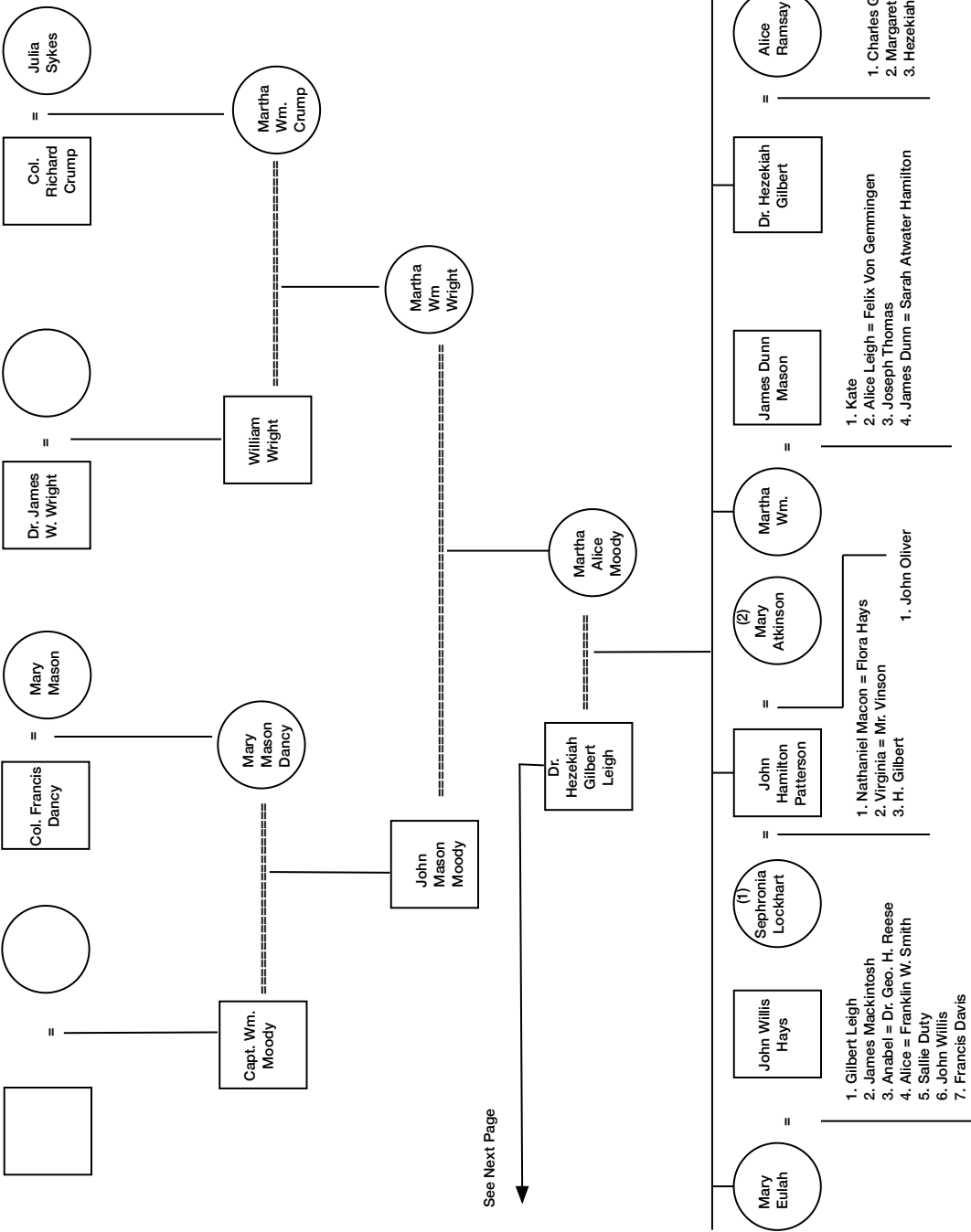
- Top Level:** A circle labeled "Alice Wren" is connected to a square labeled "Benjamin Sykes".
- Second Level:** A circle labeled "Julia Sykes" is connected to a square labeled "Benjamin Sykes".
- Third Level:** A circle labeled "Mary Jane Crump" is connected to a square labeled "Col. Richard Crump".
- Fourth Level:** A circle labeled "Charlotte Spruill" is connected to a square labeled "Gen. Hezekiah G. Spruill".
- Fifth Level:** A circle labeled "Elizabeth Foster" is connected to a square labeled "Richard Leigh".
- Sixth Level:** A circle labeled "Rev. Hezekiah Gilbert Leigh, D. D." is connected to a square labeled "Richard Leigh".

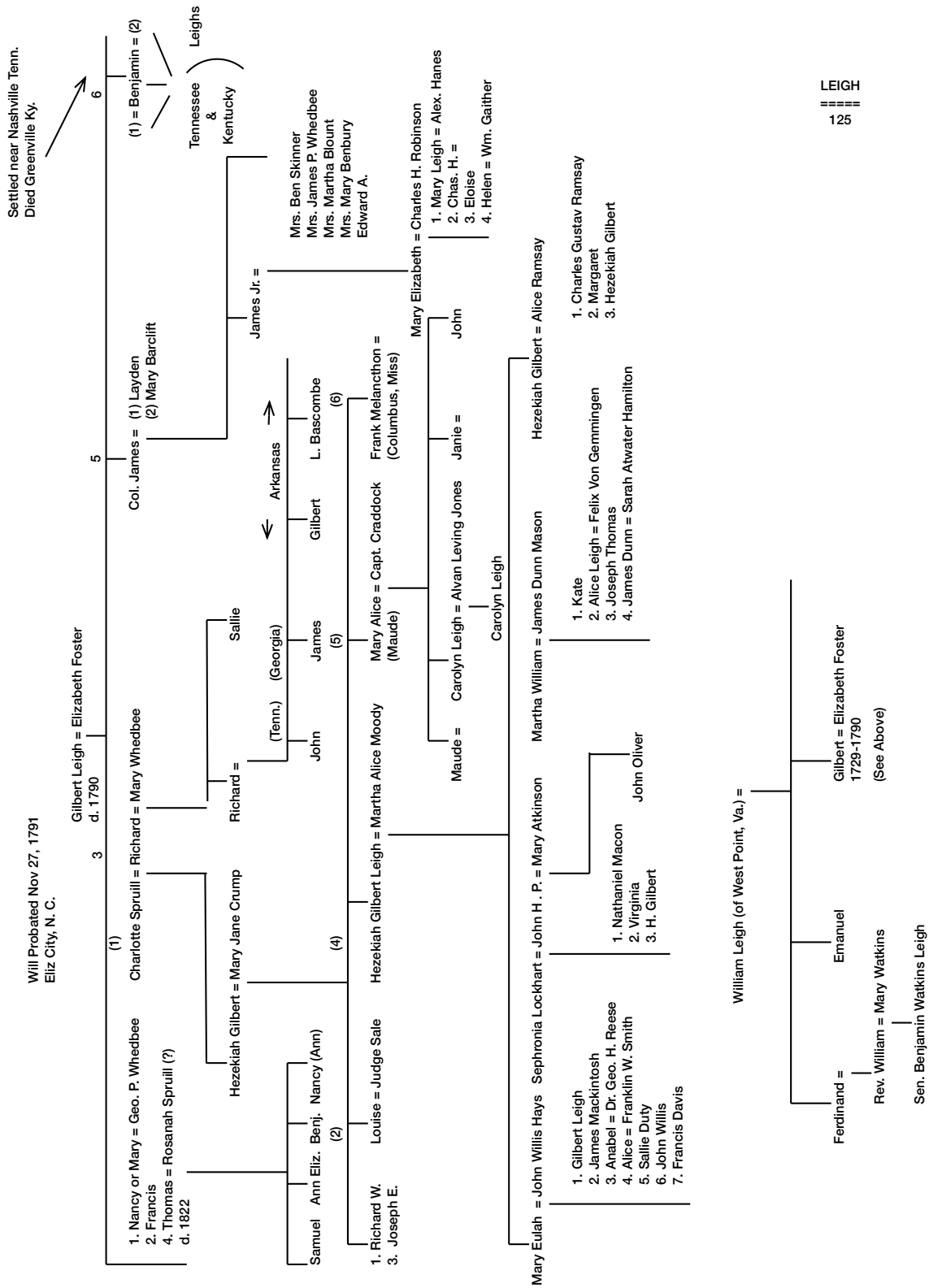
The chart also includes several dashed and dotted lines connecting different parts of the family tree, indicating complex or uncertain relationships.

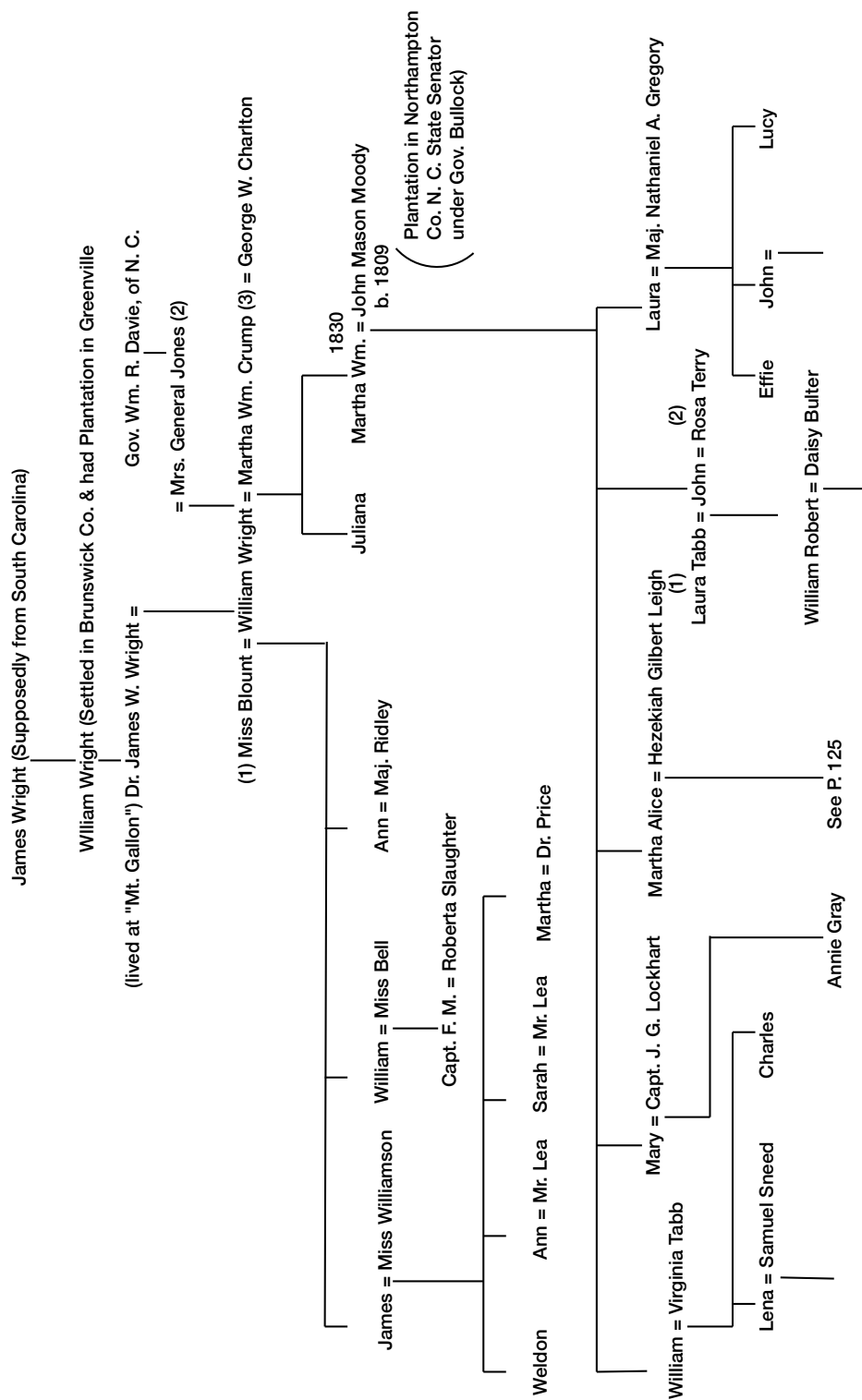
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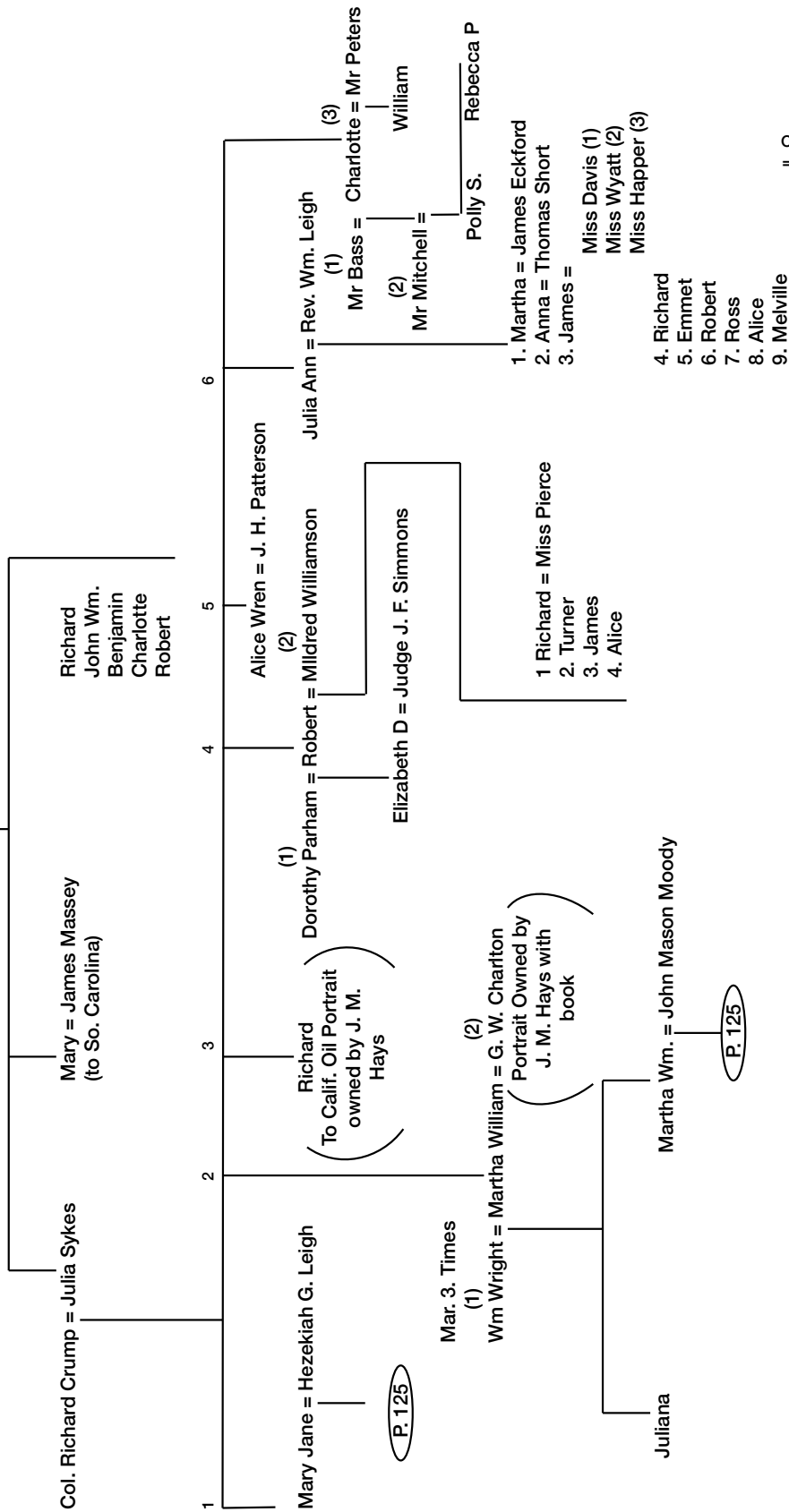
(B) Would not fit on one

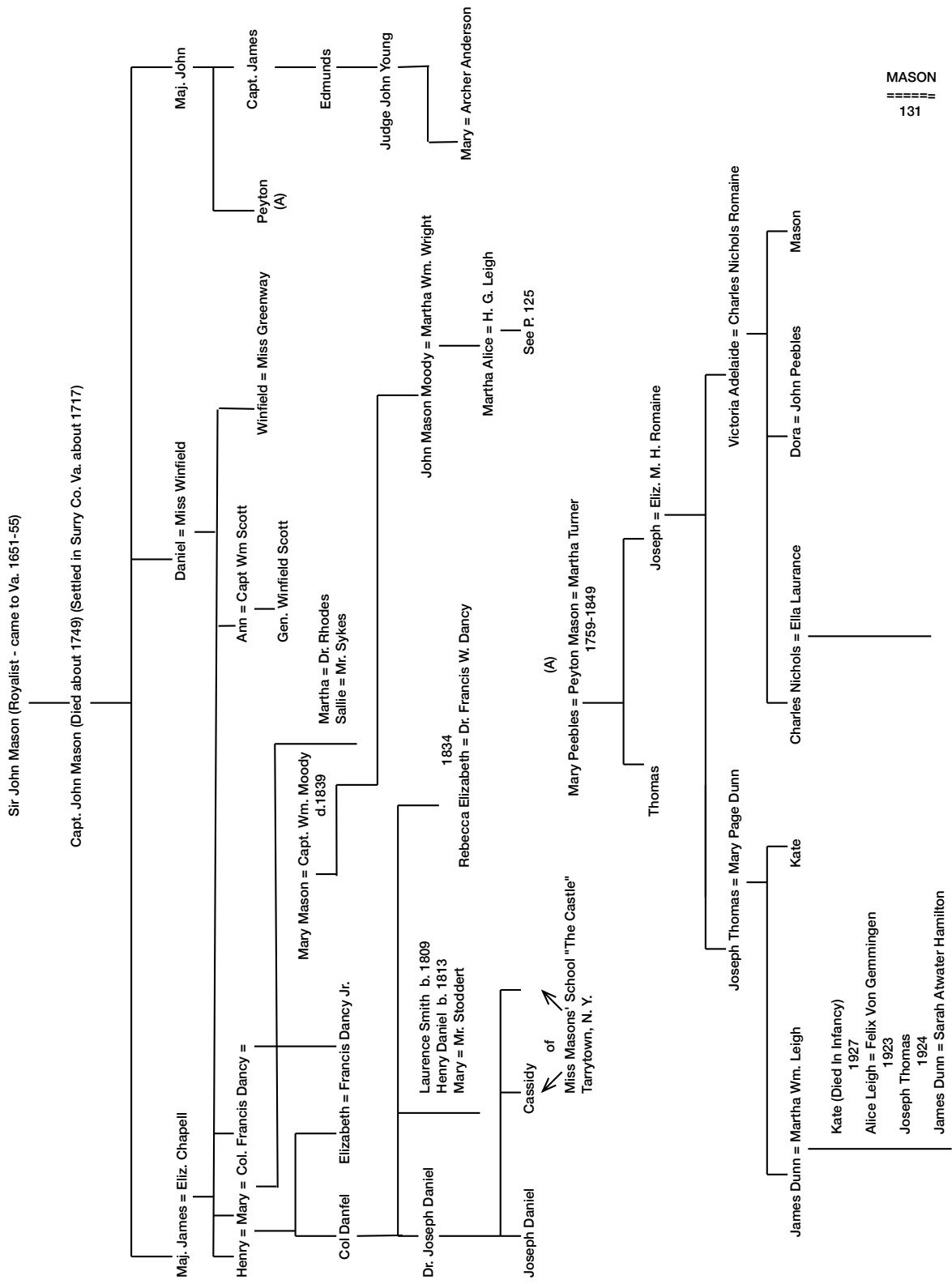






born in Eng. Greenville Co. Va.
Benjamin Sykes = Alice Wren
d. 1790





(Added by F.B.Hays 1914)

According to family traditions, John Harris came from Wales. He married a Miss Kimbough. As one of their grand-daughters was named Ann Kimbough Harris, I infer that name was Ann. They had a son named George.

Also according to family tradition, there came to this country in early days, from England, a lot of young women, to become the wives of the young men who had come over to settle this country. Among these was Elizabeth (or Molly) Watts, said in some account to have been a sister, in others, a cousin of Isaac Watts, the hymn writer, who was engaged to a young man named Earl or Earle, who had preceded her. Earl came aboard the ship with the former and was married to so Miss Watts before she landed. He paid for her passage in tobacco, some say forty pounds, some say one hundred-and-twenty. They had a daughter named Keziah. She is spoken of as their oldest daughter. She was born in 1753 and died in 1849.

George Harris and Keziah Earl were married in 1772. They had many children. See p. 52; also next page.

Away back yonder in the dim distance past, Mr. Thomas married Miss Kimball. Where they lived I do not know, but these are Granville County names. To them was

born a daughter, Rachel by name, who married Richard Duty - the first Duty of whom we have any record in this county. He died in 1795. Rachel Thomas had a brother John, from whom descended the Egertons, of Warren County, North Carolina, one of whom married a Powell. George Harris and Keziah Earl, married 1772.

Their children:

1. Mollie, born Sept 20, 1773; married (1st) Anderson Paschall (1820?) and Presley Rowland (1851?)*. Left no children. Aunt Sue says this was Paschall's second marriage and that by his former marriage he was the father of Dr Paschall et al. This must be an error, as Father and Mother knew Paschells well, and I do not recall that either of them ever alluded to any such relationship.

(*A mix up here - see No. 9 on next page.)

2. Presley, died when two years old. Was born in 1775.

3. George Whitfield, born Feb. 4th, 1778; died April 29th, 1852. Married Sally Wright. Many children, among them Benjamin Franklin (father of Dr. Fletcher and Andrew Jackson), Thomas Davenport

(father of Ed. C., of Granville), and Richard Wright (old “Squire Dick” of Oxford, who died in 1892).

4. James Harvey, born June 20, 1780. Married (1) Betsy Glover and (2) widow Elizabeth Norman, mother of the late Mrs. Ann Eliza Thorp. By the first marriage he had many children, one of whom became the mother of Richard Wright, a wealthy member of the American Tobacco Company, now residing at Durham, N.C.. There were no children by the second marriage.

5. Elizabeth, born Nov. 27th, 1782. Married Abner Hicks, Aug. 28th, 1800. Had twelve children, the youngest of whom, Benjamin Willis, became the father of Thurston T., Archibald et, and many others.

6. Willis, born March 14th, 1785. Married Sally Duty (sister of our grandfather) in May, 1808. They had thirteen children, one of whom, Adam Clarke, was the father of Tom and Eugene, the artists, and another Snethen Phillip Johnson, known as Nick, married our Aunt Maria, when he was an old widower with many children and she an “old maid” Another son was Edward Willis, father of the....who once lived at Washington.

7.Ivey, born July 12th 1787. Married Judith Allgood. They had six children, one of whom was the Ann Kimbough herein before mentioned. Cousin “Pattie 2” Young, of Henderson, was a granddaughter; and Thomas Ivey Harris, now living in the same town as a grandson.

8.Fletcher, born Apr 17th, 1790. Distinguished Methodist preacher. Published a book of sermons. Died at Petersburg, 1818 (or 1828).

9.Keziah Earl, born July 28th, 1792. Married Presly Rowland (in 1811)* who afterward married her older sister. Six children (* see No. 1 on preceding page.)

10.Francis Kelly, born Dec. 3rd, 1795. Married Samuel Duty in 1812. Died Dec. 30th, 1880. Thirteen daughters, namely:

1.Elizabeth Moring, born June 23rd, 1813; died March 24th, 1884. Married James Murray, Apl. 17th, 1830. Twelve (?) children, the third of whom, John Thomas (“Jack”) is now living at Durham, aged about 78 years, a great-grandfather.

2. Matilda Bruce, b. June 9th, 1815; d. Feby. 1838; married William Armistead Cousins in 1832. Two children, "Miss Hattie" and John, the latter now living at Greensboro.

3. Harriet Atwood, b. Feby. 22nd, 1817, d. Oct. 11th, 1899, married Amos J.J. Jones July 25th, 1839. Eleven children, some of whom are living near Oxford, one of whom is a great-grandmother.

4. Amanda Lane, b. Feby. 22nd 1819; d. Feby. 8th, 1826

5. Parthenia Frances, b. Mar. 6th, 1821, d. June 12th, 1882; married first, her first cousin, Ira Ellis, Dec. 14th, 1847; no children; second, Marcus Harris, July 25th, 1852; four children, the youngest of whom, Wilbur, has visited in Petersburg.

6. Ann Eliza b. Mar. 14th, 1823; d. June 9th, 1824.

7. Mary Anderson, b. Apl. 1st, 1825; d. Jany. 27th, 1908; married James Wortham Davis, Dec. 3rd, 1846. Ten children, one of whom lives at Oxford, and one of whom was Anna Meade's mother.

8. Lucy Ann Amanda, b. Nov. 8th (1827, 1828), d. single, Jan. 6th, 1865.

9. Indiana Cornelia, b. Sep 19th, 1830; now living (died Jan. 30th, 1915) in Texas, mother of Eulalia Kinsey Everhart. Married Justus Kinsey, May 29th, 1856.

10. Martha Willis, b. Sep. 9th 1832 (or 1833); died Oct. 9th, 1909. Three children, Edward, married and living in Boston; Clara, single, ditto; one dead. Married Benj. D. Frost, Dec 5th 1859.

11. Sally George, b. Nov. 20th, 1835; d. June 25th, 1902; married John Willis Hays, March 23rd 1859. Eight children, four now living.

12. Maria Harvey, b. Jan 30th, 1838; now living at Raleigh.....S. P. J. Harris June 5th, 1877.

13. Susan Jane, b. Jan. 31st 1840 now living at....Wm C. Doub, Nov 30th, 1869; four children

Samuel Duty was born June 14th, 1790, and died April 17th, 1873. He and Franny Kelly Harris were married Feby. 13th, 1812, when he was in his twenty second year and she in her seventeenth.

Cousin Rosa Holman (Aunt Mary's daughter) tells me that grandmother was named after the famous old Methodist preacher, O'Kelly, but in the records (official) and in the family papers, I find no "O" in her name.

The children of John Willis Hays (died June 30th, 1901) and Sally George Duty are:

1. Lucy McGee, stillborn December 30th, 1859.
2. John Willis, born March 14th 1861, d. Dec. 14th, 1913 Married Minnie Leigh of Petersburg, Va. Seven children.
3. James Mackintosh, born March 9th, 1863; d. May 15th, 1877. Married Pattie Holly, of Cleowan County, N.C., Feby. 4th, 1885. Four children.
4. Lucy Duty, b. July 7th, 1865; married Henry Otis Furman, 1885. Three children.
5. Francis Banks, born June 9th, 1867. Single.
6. Benjamin Kinsey, b. July 3d 1870; married Anne De La Croix, June 4th, 1902. Now living at the old Duty place at Oxford. No children.
7. Maria Catharine, b Dec 11th, 1871; married Alfred P. Fleming 1886. Two children.
8. Mary Marvin, b. Oct. 29th, 1875; d May 7th, 1876.

- 1.Named after Mother's college chum, who, I think, afterwards became the mother of Dora Jones.
- 2.Named after his father and grandfather.
- 3.Named after English man of letters.
- 4.Named after Aunt.
- 5.Named after grandmother Francis and other grandmother, born Banks.
- 6.Named after Aunt Pat's husband Benjamin (Frost) and Aunt Indie's husband, (Justus) Kinsey.
- 7.Named after Aunt Maria and Kate McClanahan (see p. 25, near bottom)
- 8.Named after Bishop Marvin. The "Mary", as I now recall, was selected by Mother because she thought it a simple, sweet,...name.

May 12, 1907
Richmond Times Dispatch
Hayes
1789

The English lineage of the Hayes family is clearly traced, from its originality, Hay (or hedge), Haye and Hayes, as recorded in the Old English Hundred Rolls, down to the present time, though the name in some instances in this country have dropped the e, and is often found Hays.

Charles Hayes, Esq., son of Challis Hayes, Esq., of Bridgewater, vice-consul at Lisbon, married Deborah Holditch, of Totnes, and left an only surviving son, Samuel Hayes, Esq., who married Mary, daughter and heir of William Basil, Esq., of Drumboe Castle, County Donegal, and of Wilton Park, County Bucks. His issue was: Samuel; Mary, wife of Rev. Andrew Hamilton, and Frances, wife of John Boyd, Esq., of Ballymacool, County Donegan.

Samuel Hayes, his successor, was created a baronet of Ireland 27th August, 1789; dying in 1807, he was succeeded by his only son, Sir Samuel, who married, in 1803, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Lighton, Bart., by whom he had Edmund Samuel, Anne, Mary and Harriet.

Sir Edmund Samuel Hayes was baronet in 1827 to 1853. The arms, as conferred on Sir Samuel Hayes (II.), 1789, are thus given by Burke, in his "Peerage":

"Arms - Argent, a chevron between three griffin's heads, erased, sable, Crest - A griffin's head, erased. Motto - Dieu me conduise (God guide me)".

From the above, it is believed that the Hayes, or Hays, family in America are descended, the family tradition being that two brothers, George and Charles Hays, with their widowed mother, whose maiden name was Hannah Sommerville, came over from Ireland at an early day, settling first in Chester county, S. C. Charles never married, and died without issue, leaving his estate to his brother George, who moved with his property to Green county, Ala. He there married Anne Miller Beville. He in time accumulated a large estate, his property consisting of lands and negro slaves, estimated in value about \$1,000,000. He died, leaving three children - Charles, Mary and Georgie.

Charles married Cornelia Ormand, daughter of Hon. John J. Ormand, a distinguished lawyer, and judge of the Supreme Court of Alabama. Charles, the son, died, leaving

John Ormand Hays, Charles Hays, Mary Hays and Ann Miller Hays.

Mary married Robert A. Hairston, and had two children - Percy and Ada. Georgie Hays married Hon. John A. Wright, at the time a member of Congress from Tennessee, having issue - Eugenia, Annie, Georgie, Pauline, Lily and Mary Lee Hays Wright, and two sons - John V. and George Hays Wright, both deceased.

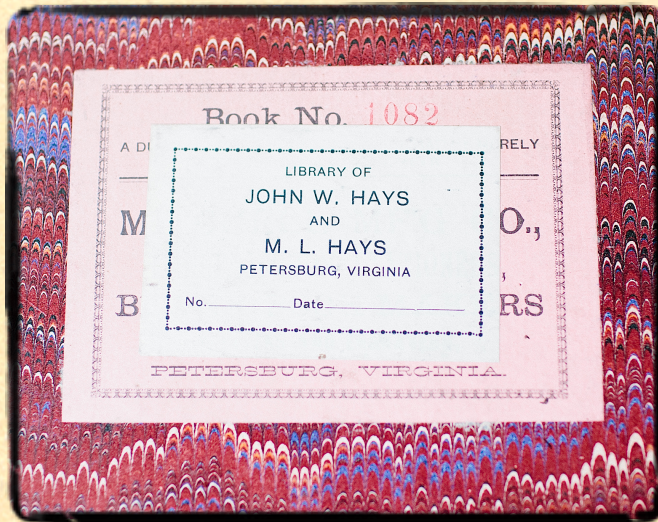
Annie married Marcus J. Wright, Jr.; Pauline married Zeba Bennitt; George married Frank Lyon; Lily married Robert E. Lee Zellott, and Mary Lee married Joseph Dyer Craig.

Of the Virginia Hays, or Hayes, who are believed to be of the same Irish descent, the names are early to be found of James, Thomas, John, Richard and William, some of whom were in the Colonial and Revolutionary service. Bishop Meade also gives this family prominence, both the Hays and Hayes, as settling in lower Virginia and taking active part in the early church. The family seems to have spread rapidly, for we find them in Louisa, Culpeper, Orange, Albemarle, and many upper counties, emigrating from Northampton and Nansemond counties, where they were first located in 1700 to 1800.

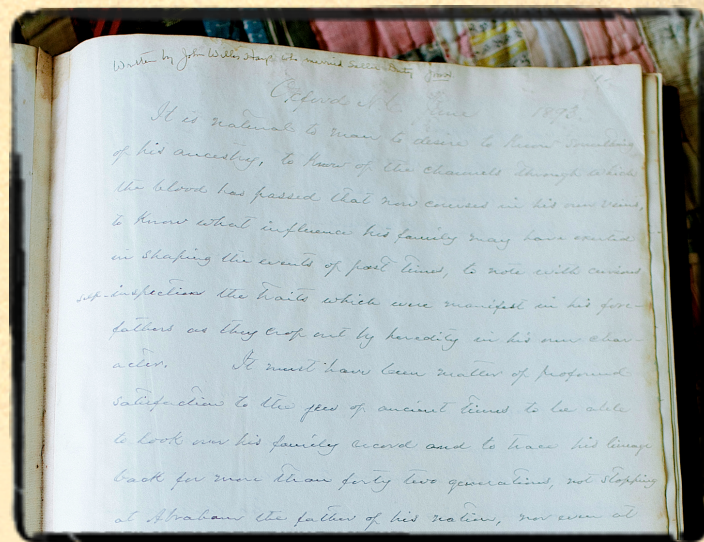
There was no more brilliant officer of the Mexican War, the Indian War and the Confederate War, than General William Hays, who was a descendant of this distinguished family, born in Richmond, Va., in 1819, and died in the United States service at Fort Independence 29th April, 1873.

The northern Hayeses, of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Ohio, of whom the late Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, was descended, are of the Scottish Hay family, the first of whom, George Hay, born in Scotland 1655, came from Scotland to Derby, England, about 1679, where he altered his name Hay to Hayes, and then emigrated to Windsor, Conn., 1680, and to Simsbury, 1725. He married twice, his second wife being Abigail, daughter of Samuel Dibble, of Windsor, 1635. From him sprang most of the Northern family, now scattered over the New England States. They claim the name of Hayes is the same as Hay, meaning an inclosed park or field. Their arms are entirely different from those given above.

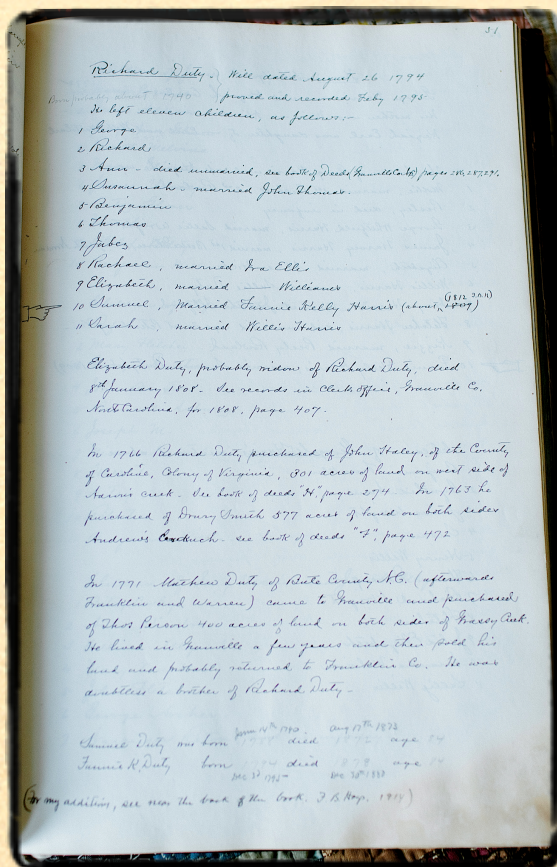
Photos of Journal



Endpage with Bookmark



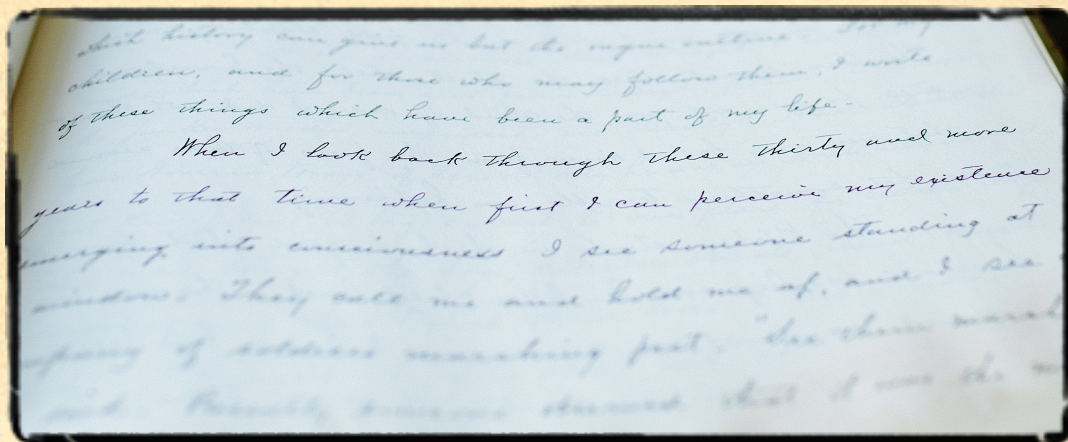
Handwritten by
John Willis Hays III
page 1



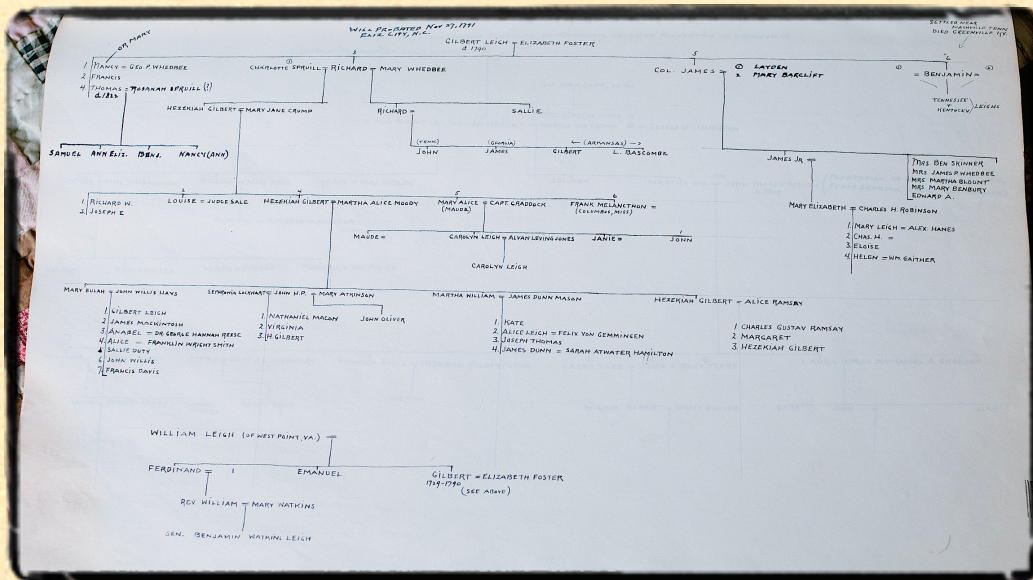
Duty and Harris Family Lineage

page 51

Note: Water Damage
Lower Right Corner



Handwriting John Willis Hays III
page 57



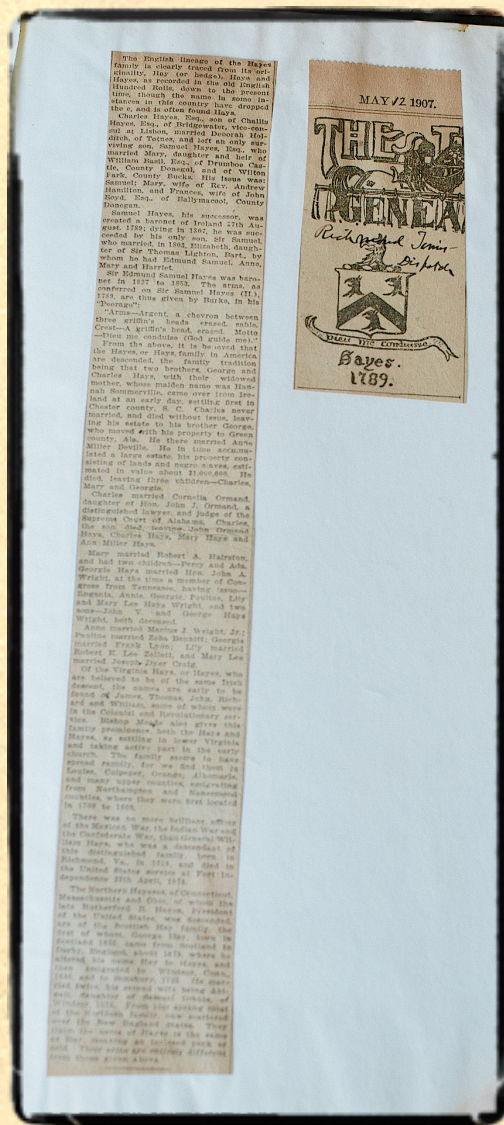
Example of Hand drawn Charts

(Added by F. B. Hoar, 1914)

According to family tradition, John Harris came from
Ark married a Miss Kimbrough. As one of their grand-
children was named Ann Kimbrough Harris. I infer that
some was Ann. They had a son named George.

According to family tradition, those came to this
in early days, from England, a lot of young peo-
ple became the lovers of the young men who had come
to settle the country. Among these was Elizabeth
Watts, said in our accounts to have been a
sister, or cousin, of Isaac Watts, the hymn-
writer who was engaged to a young man named
Thomas, who had been in the East Indies.

Added by Frank B. Hays 1914



Close-up Coat of Arms

Richmond Times Dispatch May 12, 1907 Hays Surname and Coat of Arms

